



ATOMIC MOUSE

No 9

Fago's

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION



ATOMIC MOUSE

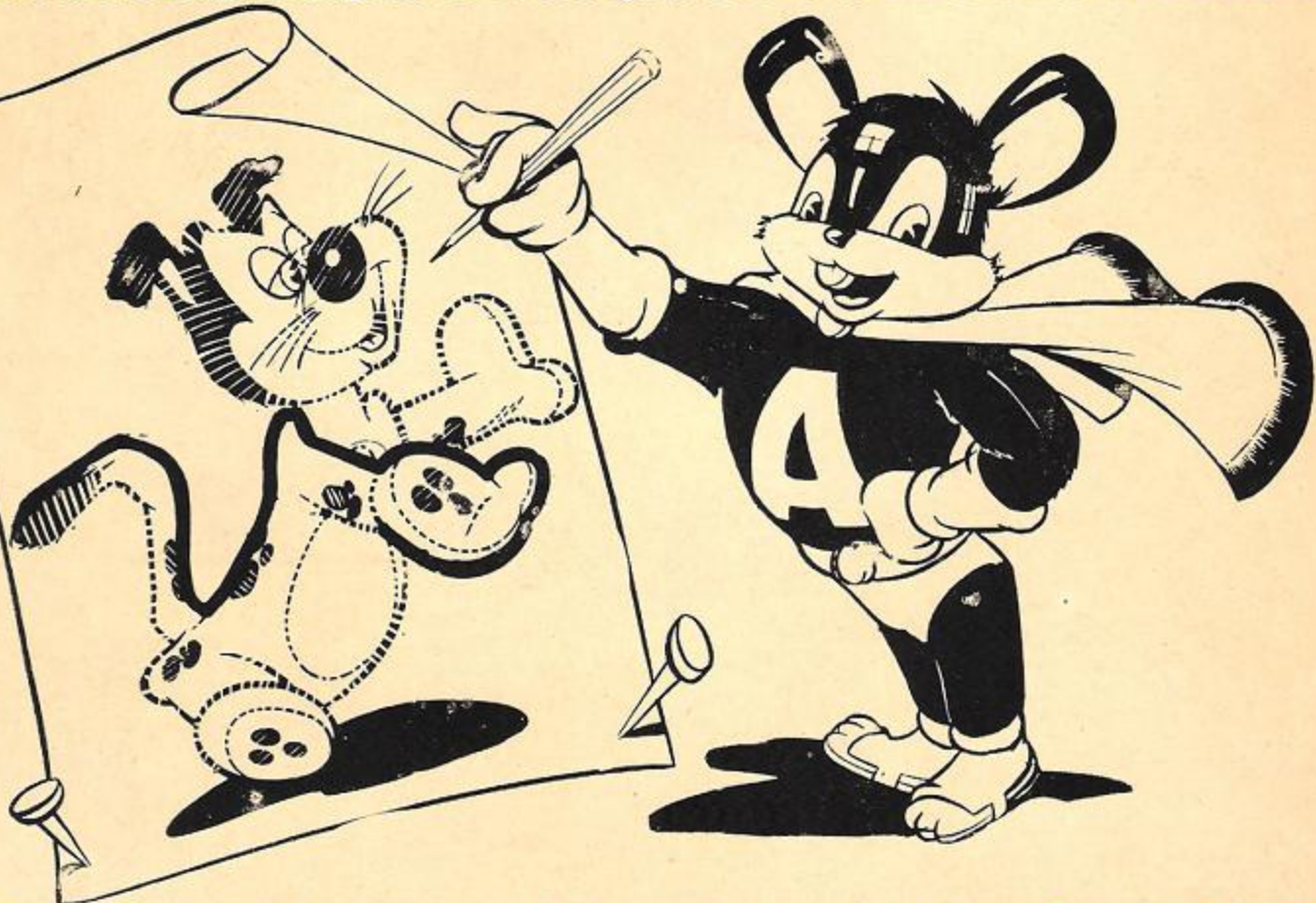
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SOMETHING NEW-DIFFERENT-EXCITING!



ATOMIC MOUSE DREW THIS PICTURE FROM A CROOKED LINE...
DRAWN BY AL FAGO. LET'S SEE WHAT YOU CAN DRAW FROM THE
CROOKED LINE AT THE TOP OF THIS PAGE. SEND IN **YOUR** DRAWING DONE
ON A SHEET OF PAPER, 8 INCHES BY 10 INCHES.
SEND TO AL FAGO 1480 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. NEW YORK

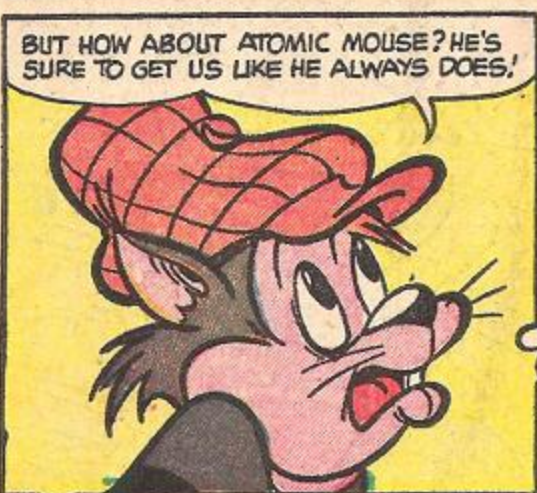
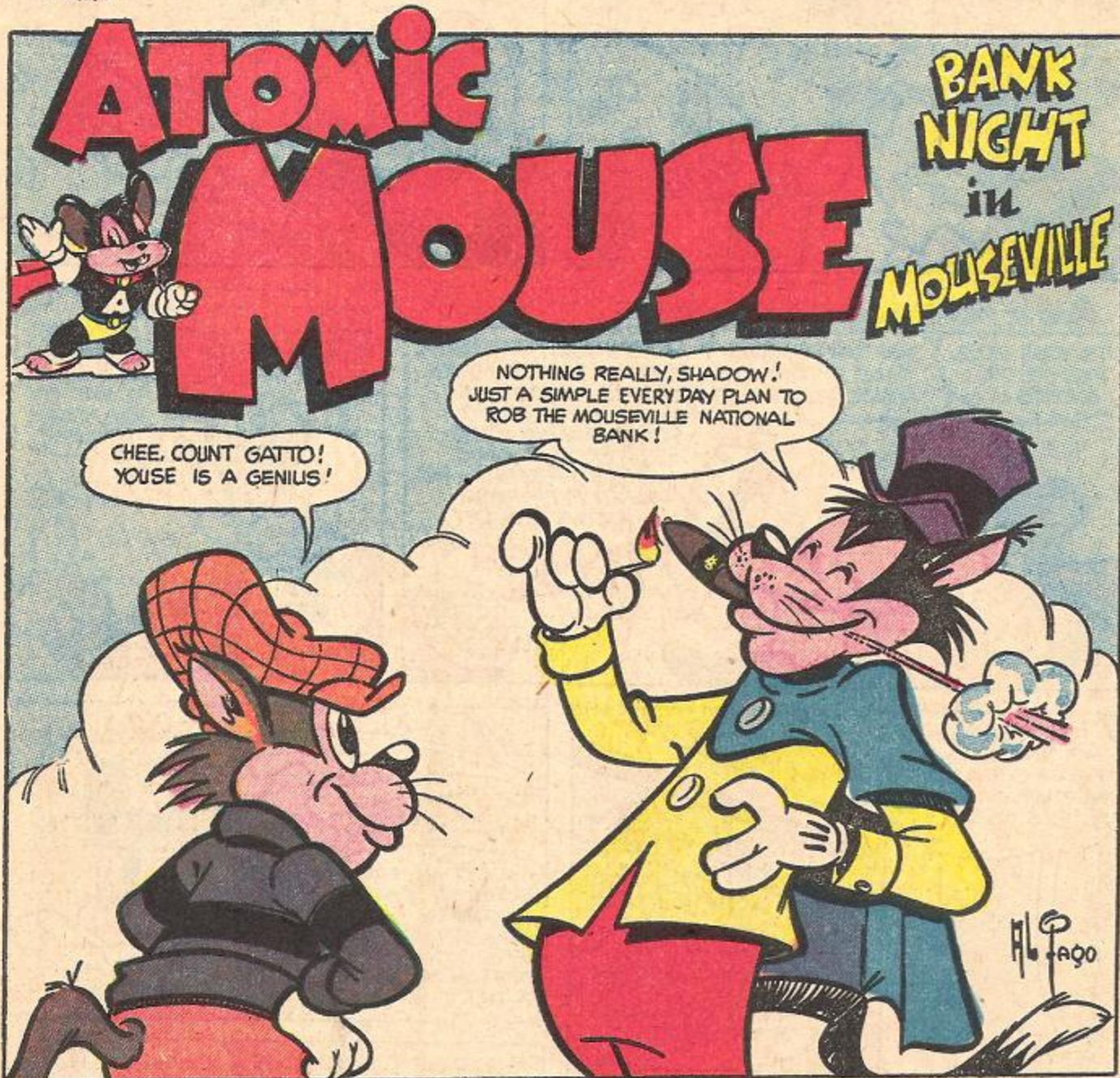
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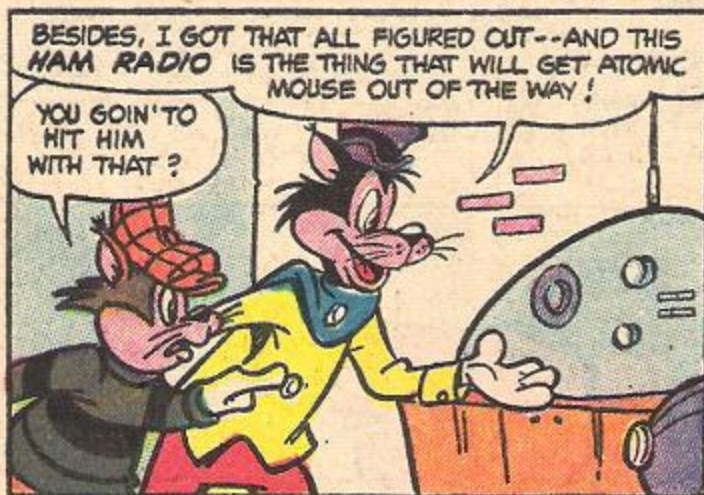
The following outstanding magazines are easily identified on their covers by the words A CHARLTON PUBLICATION.

ATOMIC MOUSE • COWBOY WESTERN HEROES • CRIME AND JUSTICE • FUNNY ANIMALS
 EMI dig this crazy comic • HAUNTED • HOT RODS AND RACING CARS • ZOO FUNNIES
 LASH LARUE WESTERN • ROCKY LANE WESTERN • RACKET SQUAD • SIX-GUN HEROES
 ROMANTIC STORY • SCIENCE-FICTION SPACE ADVENTURES • STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES
 SWEETHEARTS • TEX RITTER WESTERN • TRUE LIFE SECRETS • TV TEENS • THE THING

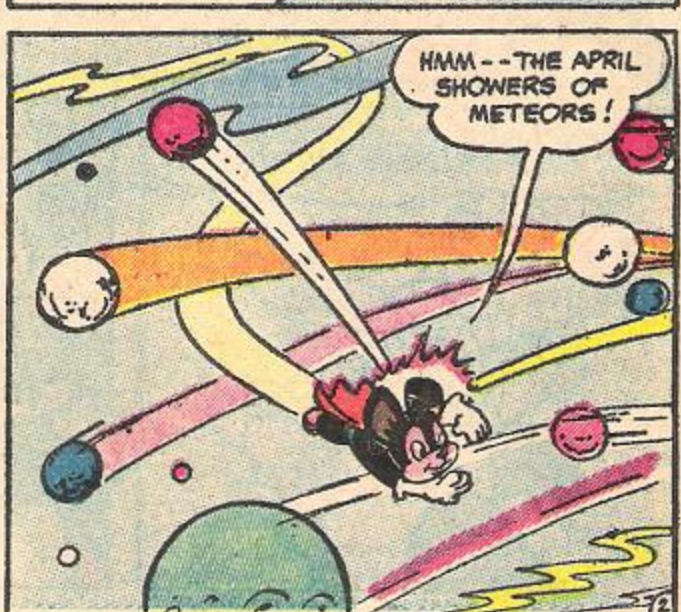
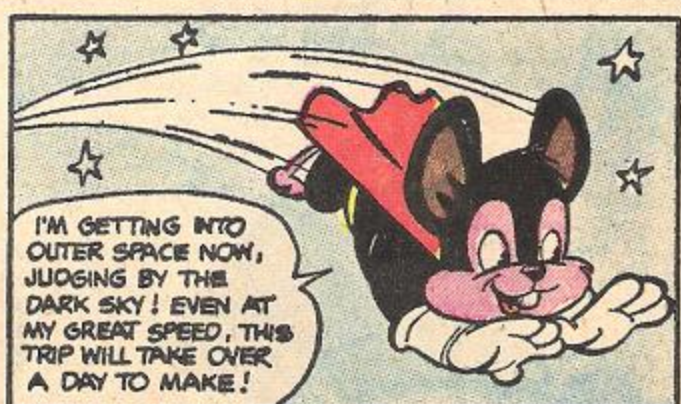
Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.



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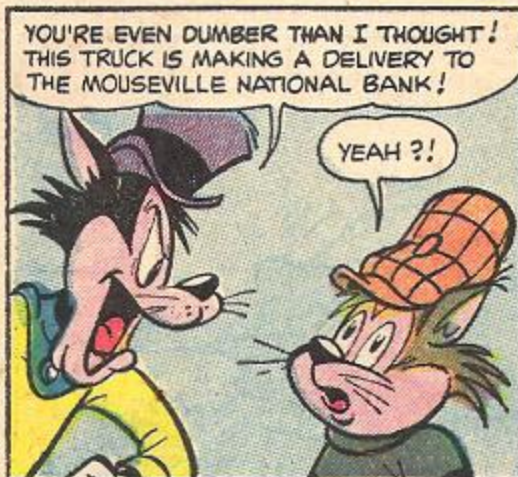
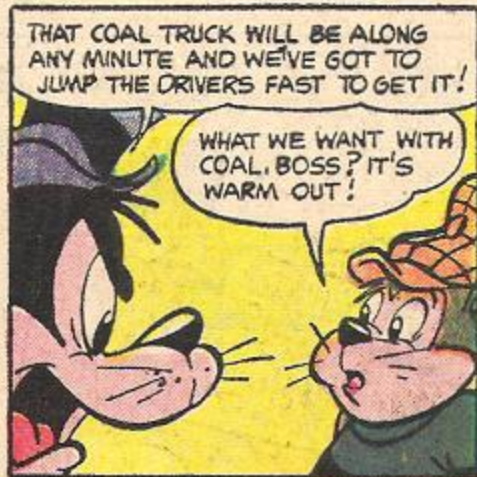


AND AT PROFESSOR INVENTO'S LABORATORY...

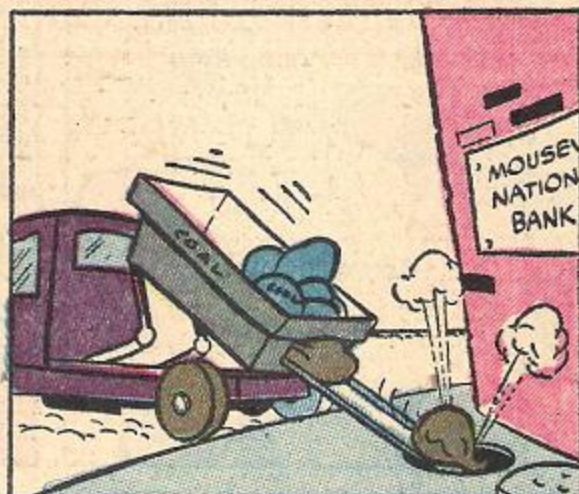
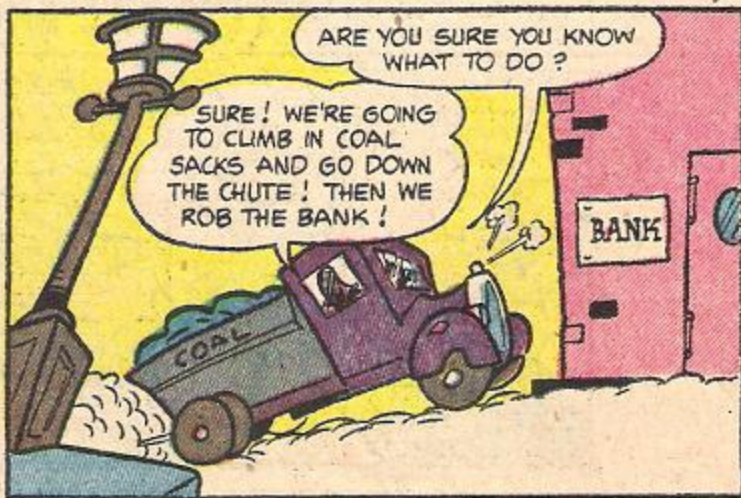


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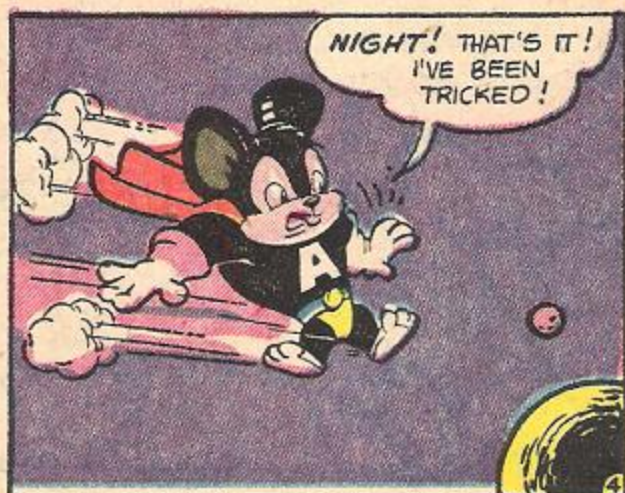
MEANWHILE
COUNT
GATTO IS
UP TO NO
GOOD...



ATOMIC MOUSE

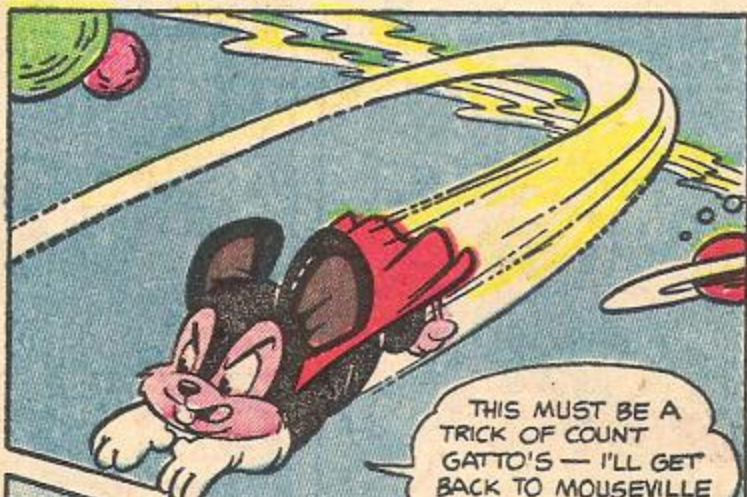
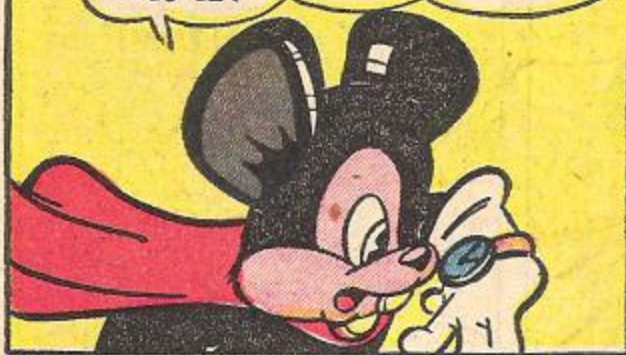


AND BACK WITH ATOMIC MOUSE...

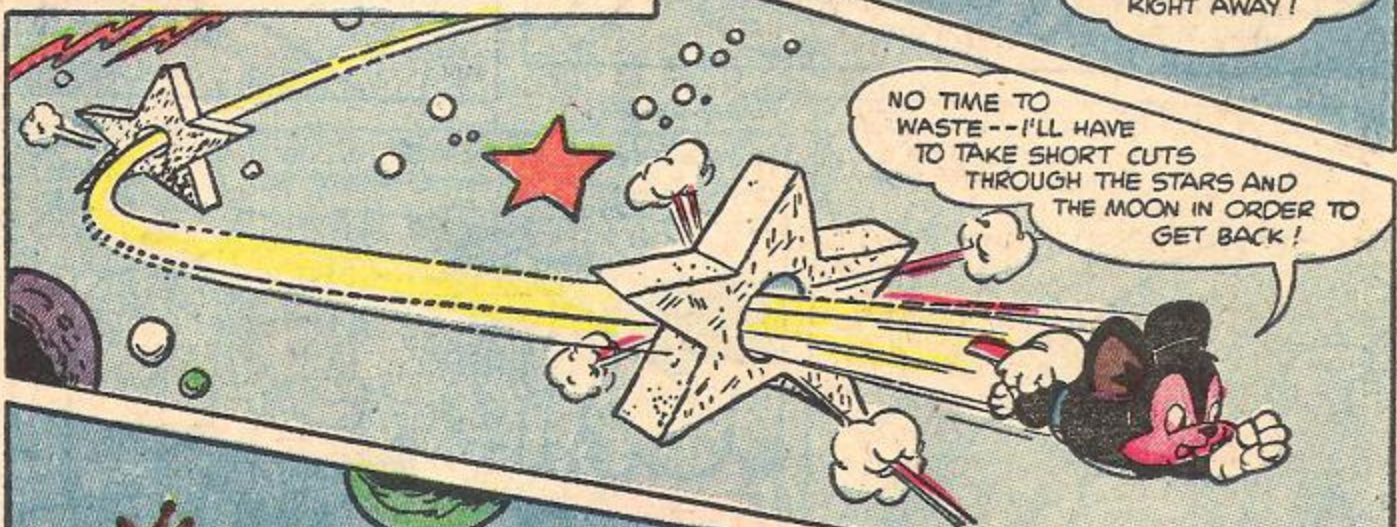


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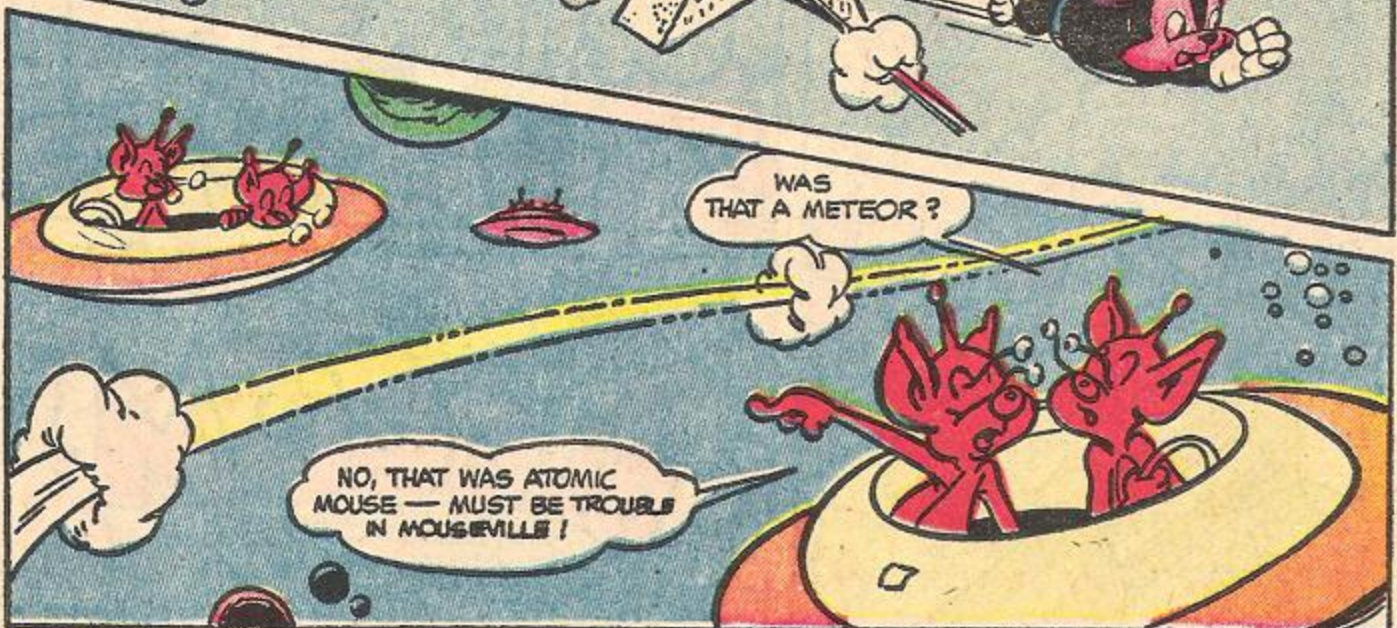
ACCORDING TO MY SPACE WATCH, THAT RADIO CALL WOULD HAVE COME ON A MARS NIGHT, AND THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! AT NIGHT EVERYTHING FREEZES OVER ON MARS, EVEN THE PEOPLE!



THIS MUST BE A TRICK OF COUNT GATTO'S — I'LL GET BACK TO MOUSEVILLE RIGHT AWAY!

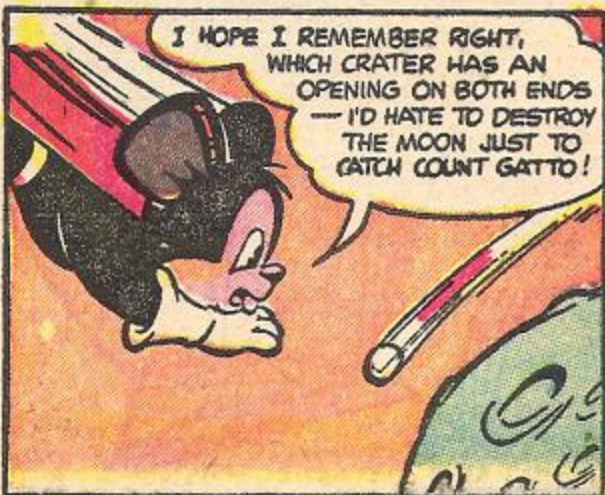


NO TIME TO WASTE -- I'LL HAVE TO TAKE SHORT CUTS THROUGH THE STARS AND THE MOON IN ORDER TO GET BACK!

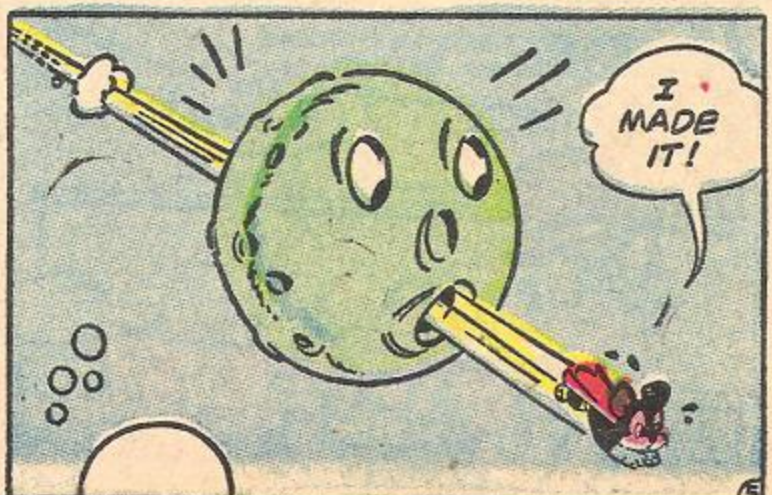


WAS THAT A METEOR?

NO, THAT WAS ATOMIC MOUSE — MUST BE TROUBLE IN MOUSEVILLE!

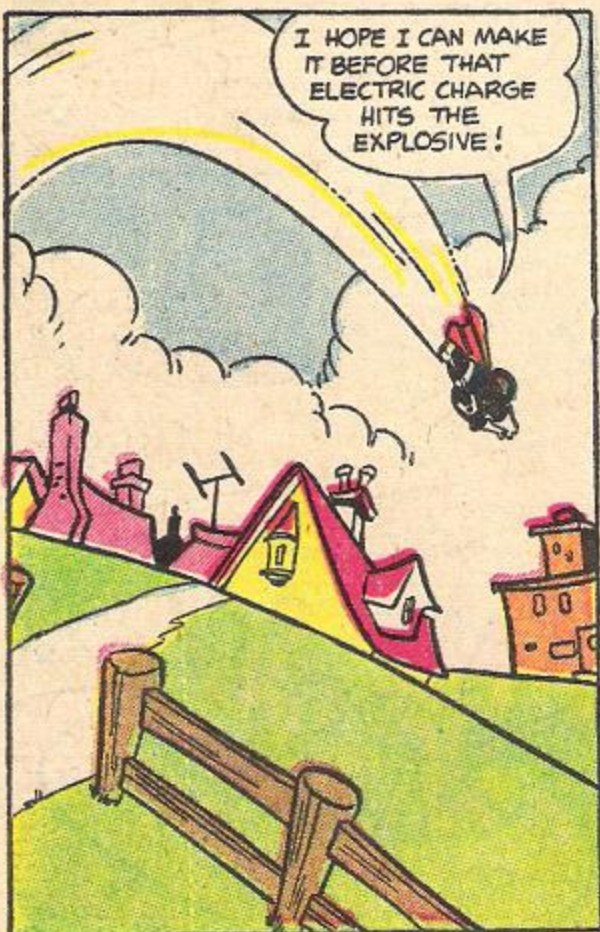
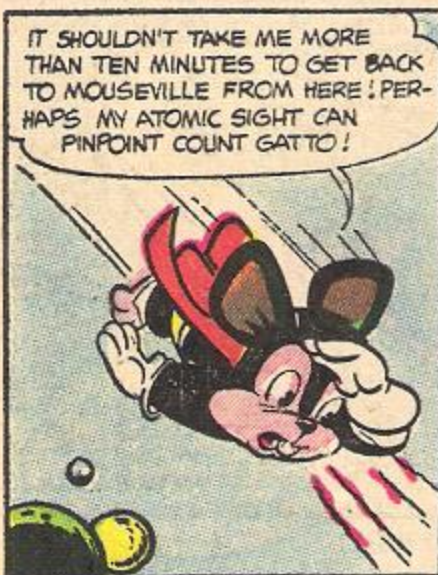


I HOPE I REMEMBER RIGHT, WHICH CRATER HAS AN OPENING ON BOTH ENDS — I'D HATE TO DESTROY THE MOON JUST TO CATCH COUNT GATTO!

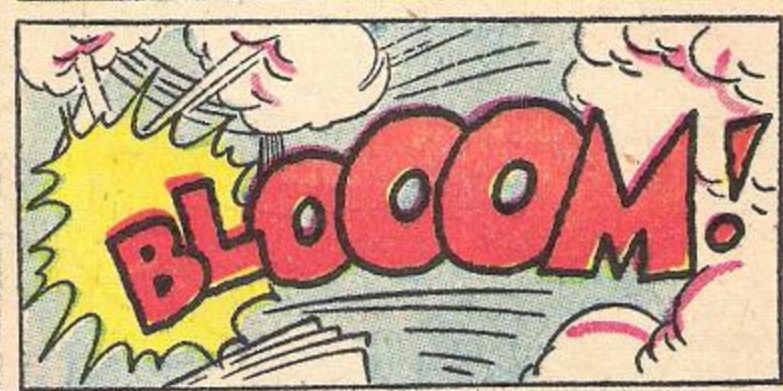
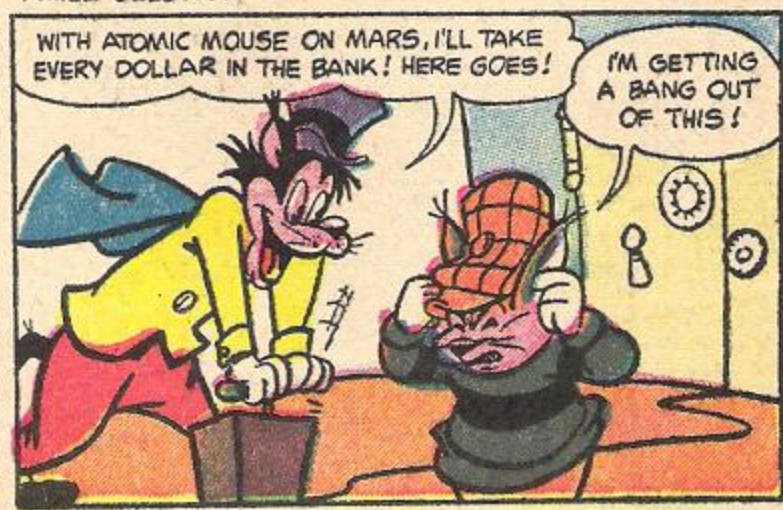


I MADE IT!

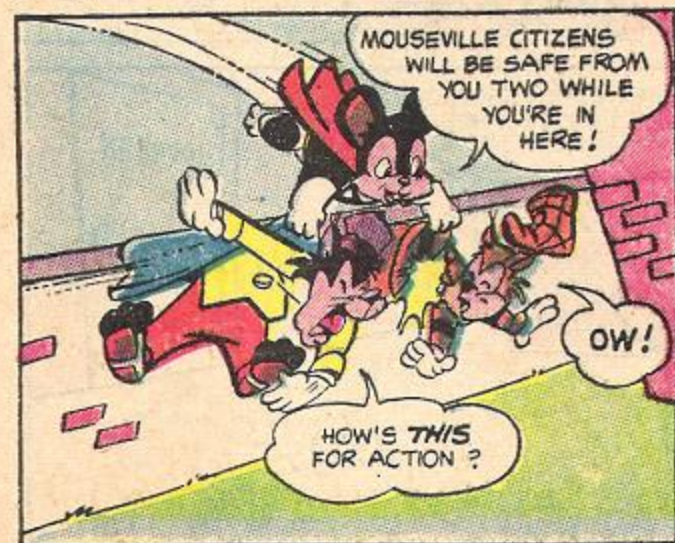
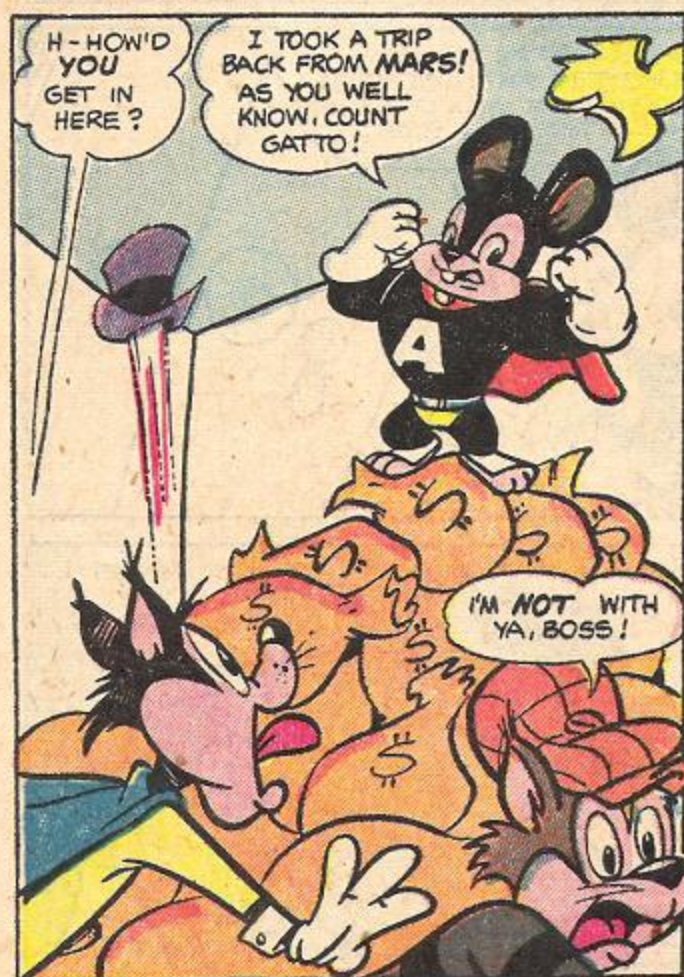
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WHILE BELOW...

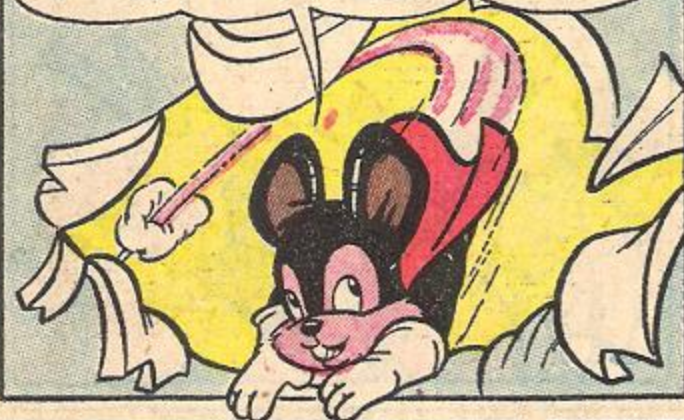


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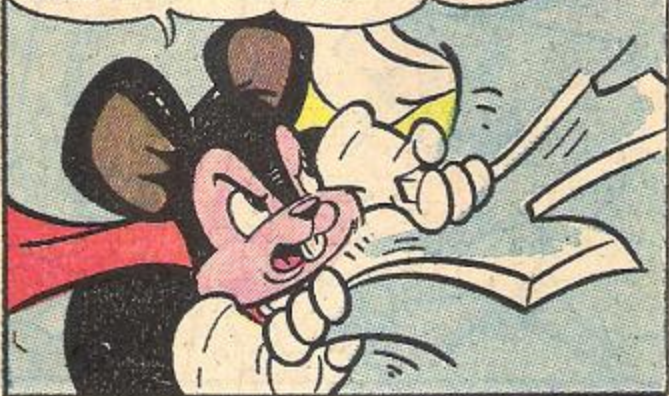


ATOMIC MOUSE

IF I PUT ON SOME STEAM, I'LL HAVE THIS BUILDING PATCHED UP IN NO TIME! LUCKY IT'S ALL STEEL--I CAN FUSE IT WITH MY HANDS!



BY RAPIDLY BENDING THE METAL EDGES BACK AND FORTH IN MY HANDS, THEY'LL SOON REACH A WHITE-HEAT!



NOW I CAN SHAPE IT BY HAND AND WELD THAT HOLE BY DRAWING THE METAL TOGETHER!



THERE! THAT'S GOOD AS NEW NOW-- AND HANDLING THAT WHITE-HOT METAL IS MUCH COOLER WORK THAN DIVING THROUGH A STAR!



NOW I'LL GET BACK TO MY CHESS GAME WITH PROFESSOR INVENTO!



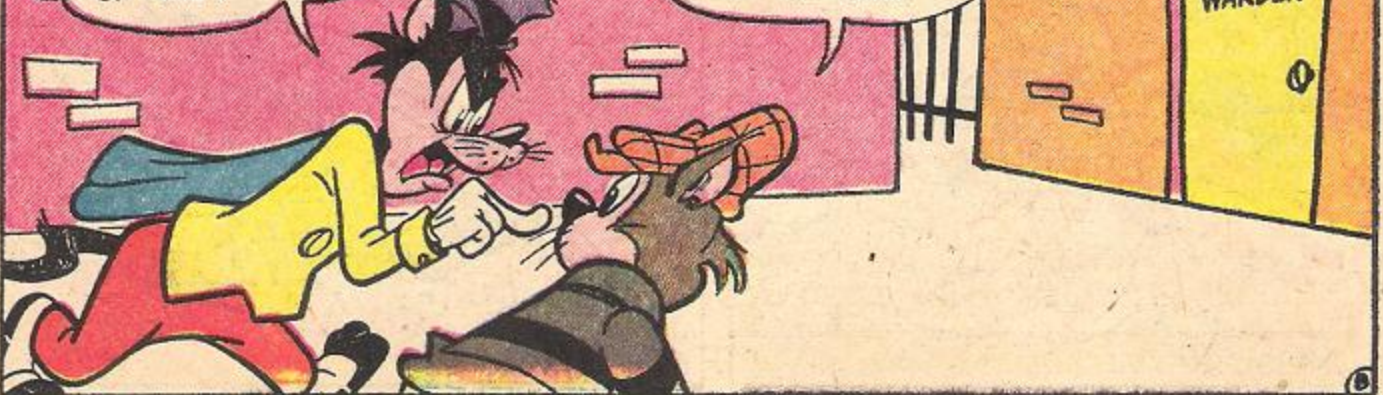
HELLO, PROFESSOR! IS IT MY MOVE YET?

DON'T RUSH ME, ATOMIC MOUSE, DON'T RUSH ME!



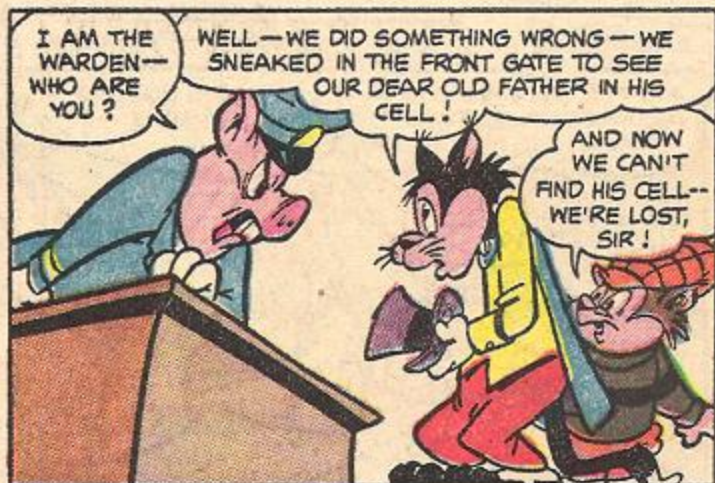
NOW IF YOU DON'T SPILL THE BEANS, WE'LL GET OUT OF HERE!

I HATE BEANS, ANYHOW, BOSS! LET'S GO SEE THAT WARDEN!

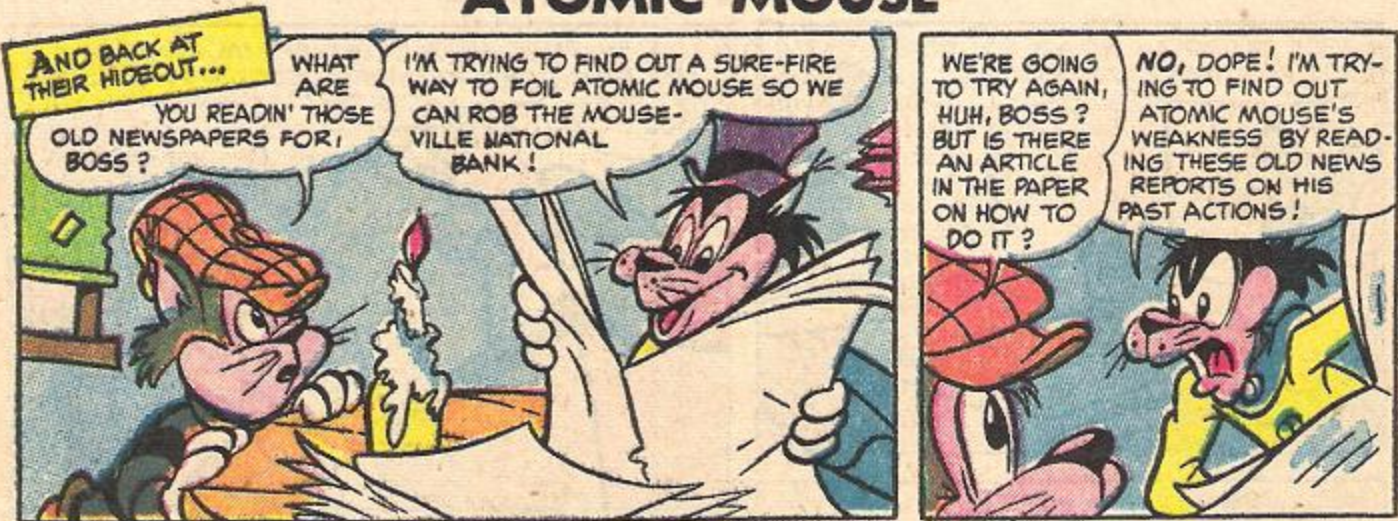


WARDEN

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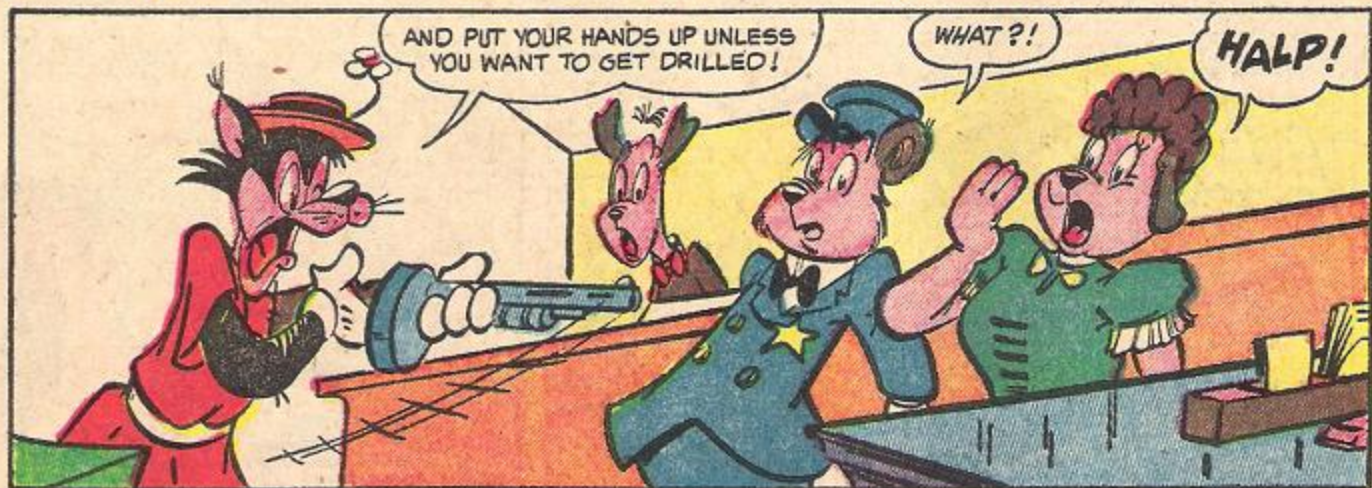
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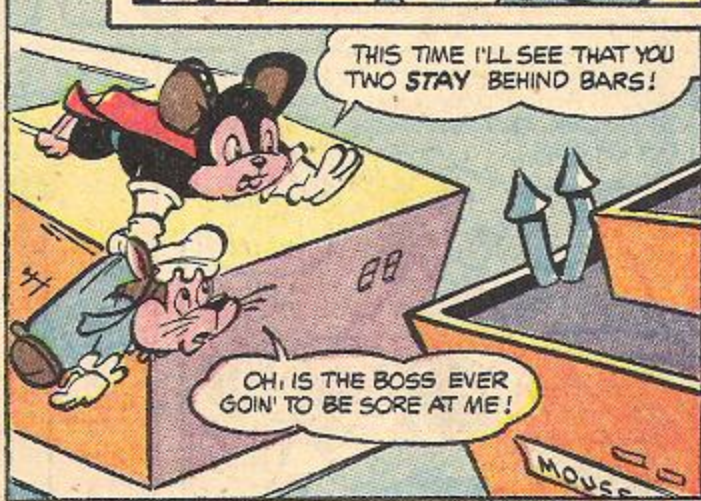
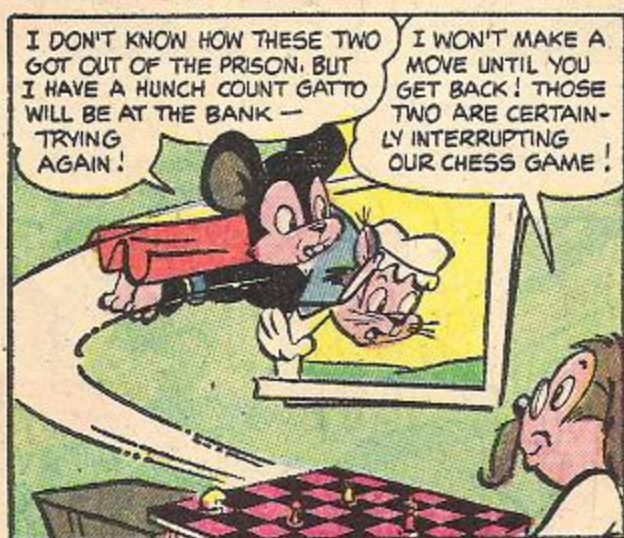
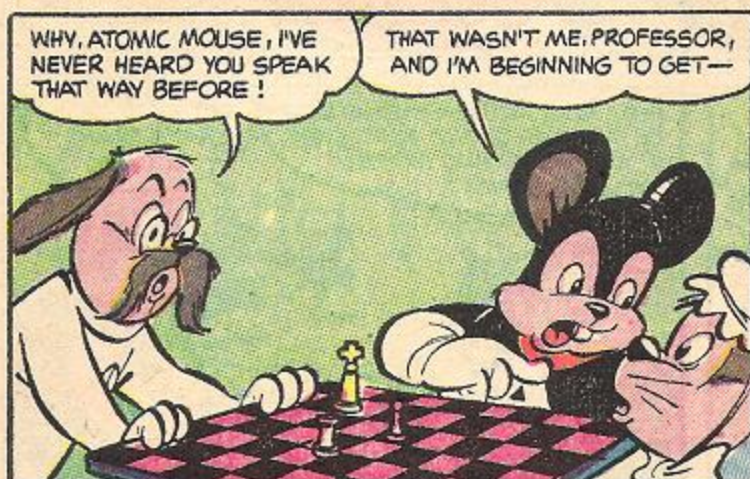
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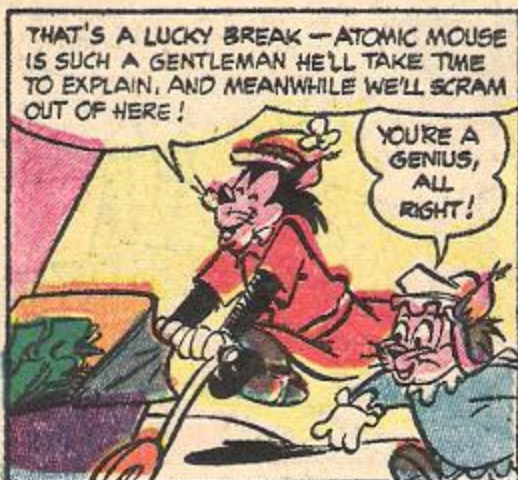
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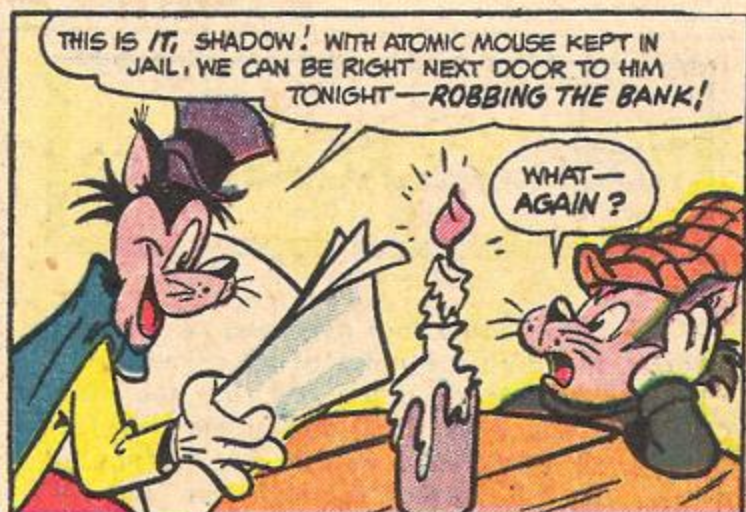


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WHEN GATTO HEARS I'VE BEEN PUT IN JAIL, HE'LL BE UP TO HIS OLD TRICKS AGAIN—AND THIS TIME I'VE GOT A TRICK OR TWO MYSELF THAT WILL TUCK HIM SAFELY IN JAIL!

AND AT COUNT GATTO'S HIDEOUT...



THIS IS IT, SHADOW! WITH ATOMIC MOUSE KEPT IN JAIL, WE CAN BE RIGHT NEXT DOOR TO HIM TONIGHT—ROBBING THE BANK!

WHAT—AGAIN?



SURE, STUPID! I GOT THE MONEY FROM THE FRONT—BUT NOT FROM THE VAULT!

OK, BOSS!



THAT NIGHT...

HEY! WE ALMOST STARTED BREAKING INTO THE CITY JAIL!

HOLY COW! LET'S GO NEXT DOOR TO THE BANK!



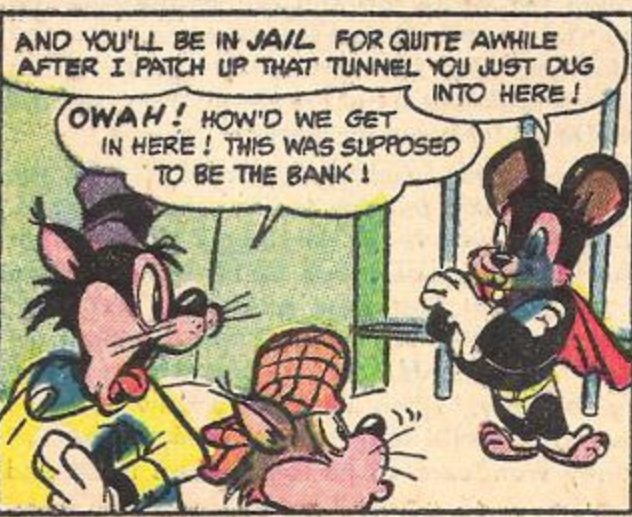
HELP ME DIG THIS TUNNEL! THIS TIME WE'LL COME UP UNDER THE VAULT!

OK, BOSS!



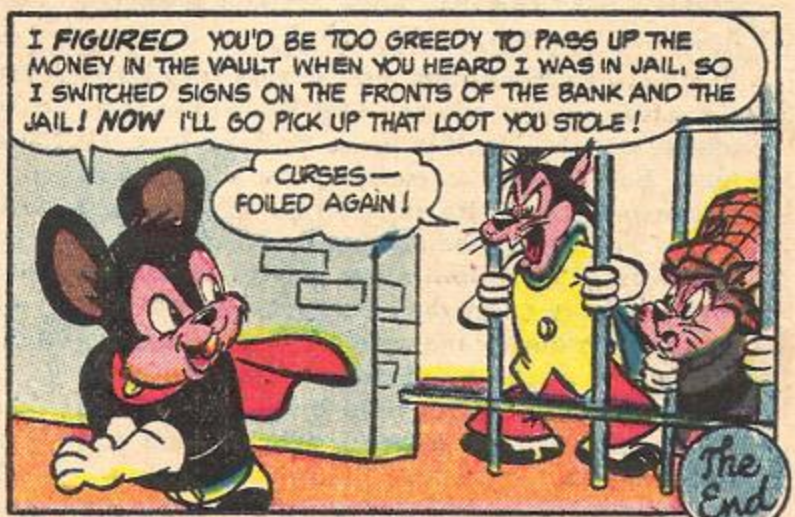
WOW, BUT THAT WAS HARD WORK—BUT WE'RE HERE!

YEAH—WE'LL BE RICH!



AND YOU'LL BE IN JAIL FOR QUITE AWHILE AFTER I PATCH UP THAT TUNNEL YOU JUST DUG INTO HERE!

OWAH! HOW'D WE GET IN HERE! THIS WAS SUPPOSED TO BE THE BANK!



I FIGURED YOU'D BE TOO GREEDY TO PASS UP THE MONEY IN THE VAULT WHEN YOU HEARD I WAS IN JAIL, SO I SWITCHED SIGNS ON THE FRONTS OF THE BANK AND THE JAIL! NOW I'LL GO PICK UP THAT LOOT YOU STOLE!

CURSES—FOILED AGAIN!

The End

Rodney's Road Race

The full-throated roar pervaded over Happy Forest. It wasn't the noise of an animal like a lion or a tiger or a leopard, but the noise sounded like forty lions and tigers and leopards all gathered together and roaring at once. The full-throated roaring came from the Happy Forest Road Race Course, and it was made by a number of the hottest hot rods that could be built. It was the day of the Big Race!

Rodney Rabbit, a well-liked rabbit, better known among the grease-monkeys of Happy Forest as Hot Rodney or Hot Rod Rabbit, was one of the heavy favorites to win the race. He was seated in his streamlined, chanelled and chopped dragster (this means it was a very fast car in hot-rod talk) and raced the motor as he waited at the starting line for the go-gun. Hot Rod moved his racing glasses down over his eyes and adjusted his leather driving gloves and his flowing white scarf. He always made a real picture as he raced along at 90 miles an hour in his hot rod, his scarf flowing behind him and his glasses glued to his head, just like old time flying pilots.

To the left of Rodney's car was another fast-sounding hot rod — the one owned by Grampa Fox. It was old-looking, and in truth it was an old car, but Rodney didn't let that fool him. He knew that Gramp Fox was one of the best race drivers in the Forest, and that the car he'd been racing for over 35 years was still one of the fastest around. Rodney looked over the set-up, Grampa at ease in his old-fashioned but fast-looking car, and figured that he would be the man to beat.

Then Rodney glanced to his right, but before he could say hello to Will Raccoon, who had built-in driving glasses, "BANG" went the starter's gun, and they were off and streaking down the winding road.

It was an hour-long race, and it covered 90 miles, so you can see that the hot-rodders really traveled in this race. Rodney lost the lead, but decided to make up for lost time at the first big turn. He stepped on the gas and headed into the winding turn at full throttle — this was a stunt few other drivers would try for fear of turning their cars over or for fear of spinning out of the race as they missed the turn. But a really good driver in a race could make the turns faster than other drivers and he could make up a good deal of time lost by doing so.

Into the turn at full throttle went Rodney, and a dusty turn it was. Rodney stared through the grime settling on his windshield as he whipped the steering wheel to the right — the turn must be right here! He couldn't see! Dust from the other cars hadn't settled, and it was like driving in the worst sort of fog as Rodney flew into the turn at 75 miles per hour. Having been over the course many times before, Rodney counted to three as his car spun in the dust, and then he quickly straightened out the wheel and tromped the gas pedal to the floor. In another four seconds he emerged from the blanket of dust and found himself still on the road and going strong! Rodney had been timing himself in these turns and knew just when the wheel should be turned to get him out of the corner before he crashed. "I could darn near run this course blindfolded", Rod thought, as he gunned along the road, gaining on the nearest car to him.

Rod had just approached the red car in front of him as they came to another hairpin turn. It was clear at the turn — the dust had settled enough for Rodney to jam through it — or so he thought. The red car was being driven by Sharpie Skunk, a very tricky driver. Just as Sharpie headed into the turn, he dumped some kerosene into his fuel line and caused a big white smoke screen to emerge from behind his car.

This would have been the end for any driver except Rodney Rabbit. With his skill and knowledge of the road, he hit the turn at even greater speed than the previous turn and began counting. "One-two-three", Rodney counted, and just at that instant he felt his left front wheel drop down! Was he going off the road? Rodney held on to the wheel and prepared to jump if he felt the car lurch any further! But the left front wheel came up, and he shot through the turn like a bolt of lightning, passing Sharpie Skunk on the way. As he checked his rear-view mirror, Rodney saw immediately behind him a short dip in the road at the turn. If he had been able to see it more clearly through the white fog still left at the turn, he would have noticed that it was a dip made by a skidding car. Rodney hadn't misfigured at all, but had been on the right track all the time. He really knew this road!

Rodney had passed a good dozen of the cars by the time another ten minutes had passed. His car was really in tune, he thought. It hummed a song of speed as he pushed down the gas pedal and flew along the dirt road race course. He was in complete command of his car and was feeling like the winner of the race already, when ahead he saw — two cars! "How could they have gotten up there?" Rodney wondered as he lowered his head and

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gunned down the course, intent on outracing them in this last few minutes of the race. He hadn't even realized there were more cars ahead of him! With the winding course, it was hard to tell who lay beyond the next turn, or if you were in the lead, he thought. But the last part of the race was a straightaway road, which led three miles to the finish line!

As Rodney came out of the last turn on the course and headed into the straightaway to the finish line, he peered down the road. Still only two cars there! That meant if he could beat these two, he would WIN THE RACE! Putting every ounce of speed into the car he could muster, Rod began pulling up on the rear car. It was Windy Weasel, a good driver in a good car, but a tricky type who would bear watching. He'd been known to cheat before, Rodney thought, as his front wheels approached the rear wheels of Windy's roaring car.

Just as Rodney felt he was about to pass Windy, he noticed Windy reaching for a box—they were tacks! Rodney was passing on the left side of Windy's car as Windy dumped the box of tacks on the road—they would shatter the tires on Rodney's car and make him lose the race! But Rodney knew a few tricks himself! He slammed on the brakes as he twisted the steering wheel to the left—this made his car skid to the right of Windy's car—and as he reached the right side of Windy's car, where there weren't any tacks, he gunned the engine and took his foot off the brakes, speeding ahead!

But the braking action had been too much—it held him back for an instant, and Grampa Fox swept into the finish line—the winner as usual. But Rodney made a good second—and lost gracefully. After the race Rodney approached Grampa Fox.

"Grampa," he said, "I have what I figure to be the best darned hot rod in Happy Forest! I entered this race, thinking I could win it, even against you! Now I don't know about my car anymore—I'd like to have a bang-up job like you have! I want an out-of-this-world dragster!"

"What you mean to say, Rodney," said Grampa, holding his big silver winner's cup, "is that you'd like to know my secret, eh?"

"Uh—I'd guess you'd say that, Grampa! How come you ALWAYS have the winning car in the race—it's not as new or modern as mine, and it shouldn't be as fast, according to any book I ever read on the subject!" remarked Rodney.

Grampa grew thoughtful and scratched his chin with the big silver loving cup. He appeared to be making a decision. He made it.

"Okay, youngster, I'll tell you what it is. It's the FUEL I use!" he said.

"Fuel! But don't you use gasoline, same as the rest of us?"

"Naw, I never have used that new-fangled stuff! When I was a kid and racing, I never was able to afford that—so I'd take a little corn mixins, some nitro-glycerine, empty out the barn-lamp leftovers and finish it up with a chew of tobacco. Then I'd let this stuff sit for a couple of days, and before it blew up of its own accord, I'd dump it into my car tank and take a fast ride. Works like a charm!" said Grampa, seemingly amazed at his invention.

"I got some now settin' in the barn that should be ripe by now! I'm retiring this year, so YOU can have the mixture if you want it—but it's mighty powerful stuff!" Grampa warned.

"Boy, that would be keen!" shouted Rodney, ready for the offer.

The two men then went to Grandpa's barn. There seething in a vat, was the "chuggin' water", as Grampa called it. Grampa helped Rodney pour in a tankful, and then stood back.

"There you are, son," he said, "but be careful with it—it's really ripe!"

"I will, Grampa!" yelled Rodney, gunning the engine and throwing the car into gear. He spun out of the driveway and roared onto the road at a full 60 miles per hour. At the first bend in the road, Rodney noticed a slight bump in the road—he decided to go over it instead of around it. He did neither. He went BOOM!, as the tank full of "hot go-juice" rattled at the bump.

When the dust cleared, not a thing was left—except Rodney, who had been blown back into the garage of Grampa, who stood watching him, leaning against a door as he watched.

"I reckon that last bunch WAS a little pow'ful!" Grampa ventured.

"A LITTLE powerful—why, it destroyed the whole car—it knocked my car clear out of this world!" Rodney said.

"Well, isn't that what you wanted—a car that's out of this world?" Grampa asked with a twinkling eye.

"Very funny, very funny," moaned Rodney, "and I wanted a BANG-UP car, too—but I didn't count on that big a bang!"

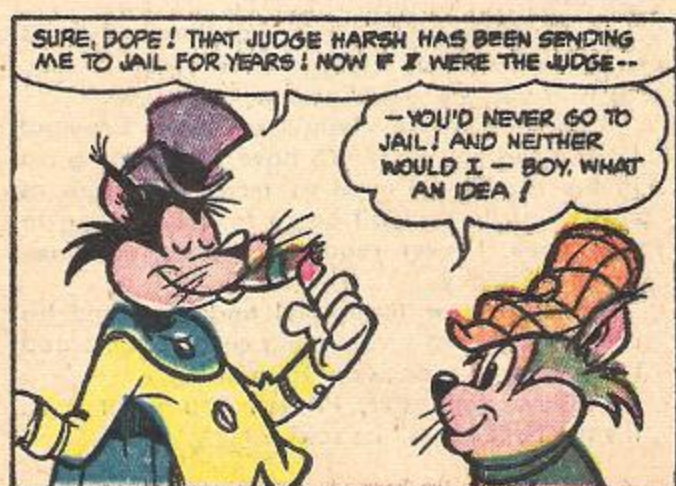
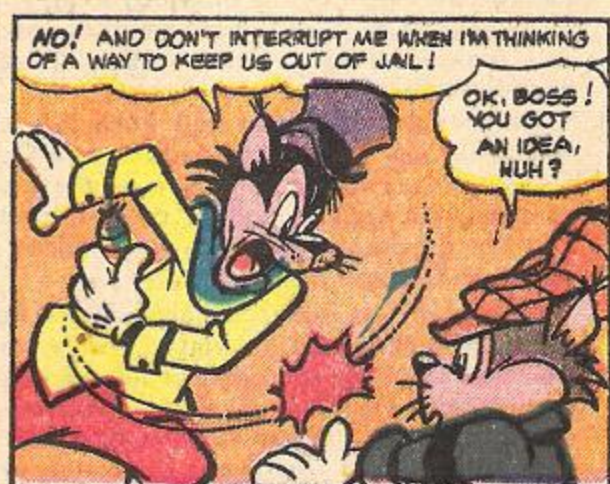
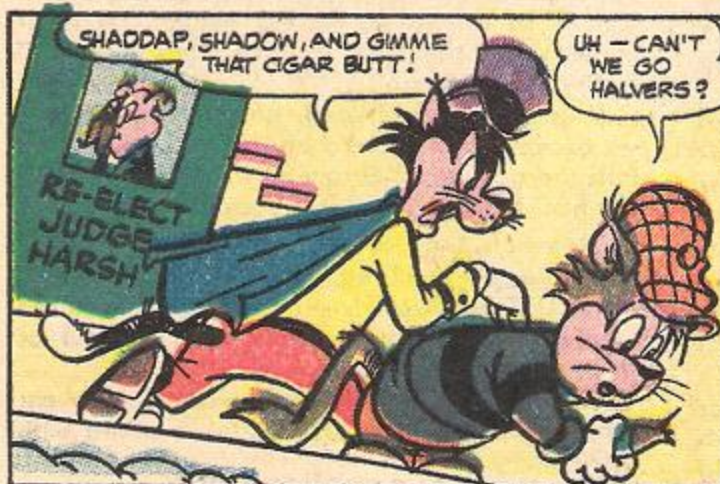
Rodney appeared about to cry at the loss of his car. At this point Grampa got serious.

"Hey now, youngster, a driver as good as you can't be without a car! Tell you what I'll do—since I've retired anyhow, you can have my car—if you want it!"

And from that year forward, Rodney went forward—right to the finish line in Grampa's car. And on one really knows the secret of his winning to this day, except Grampa—and you!

The End

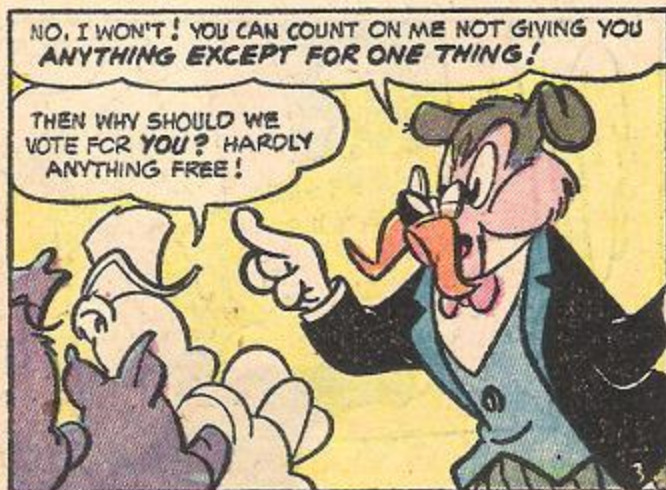
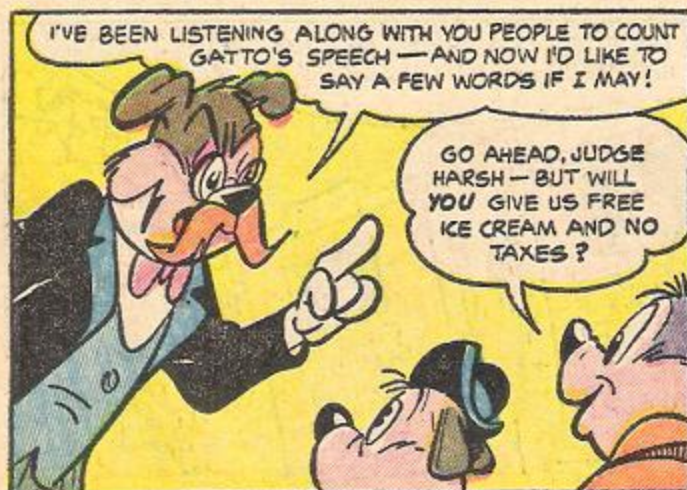
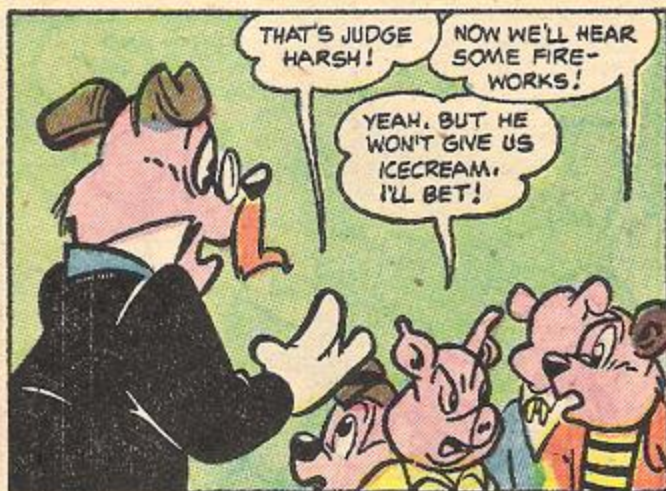
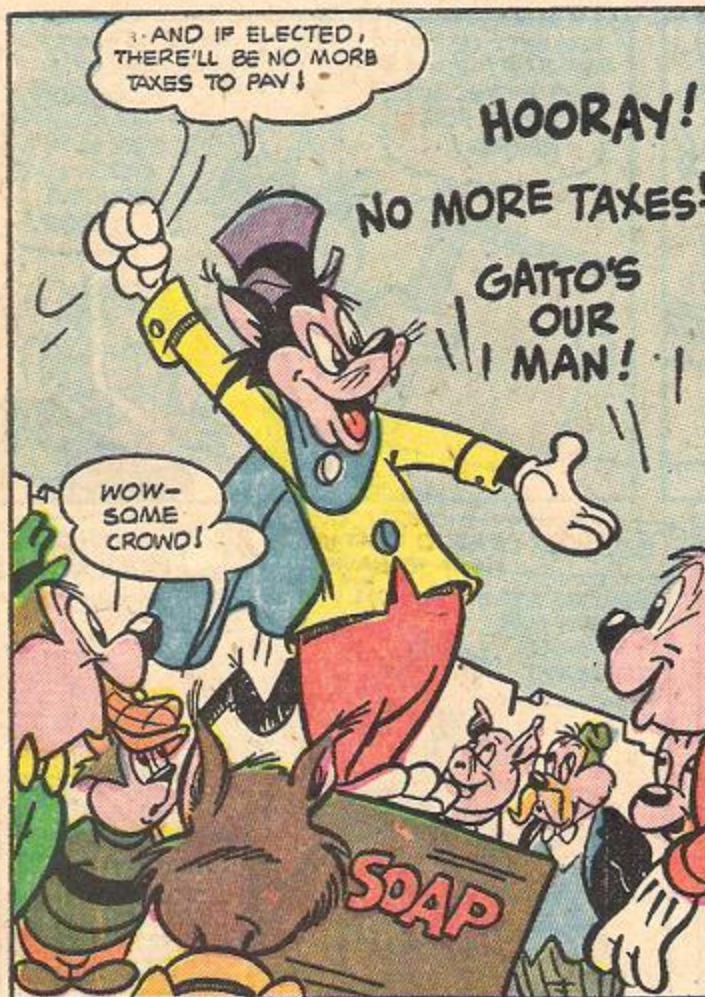
COUNT GATTO



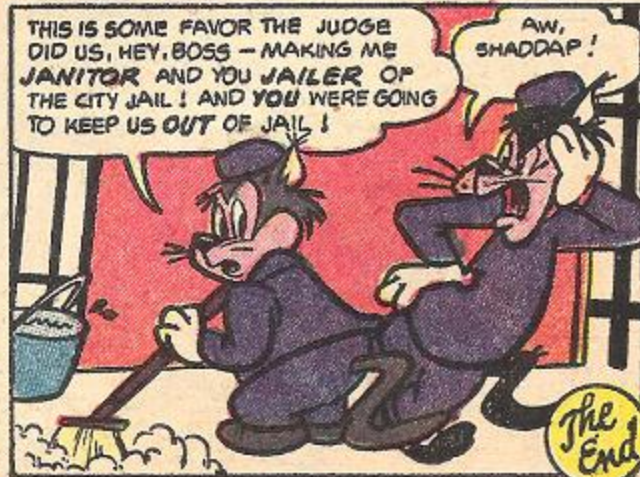
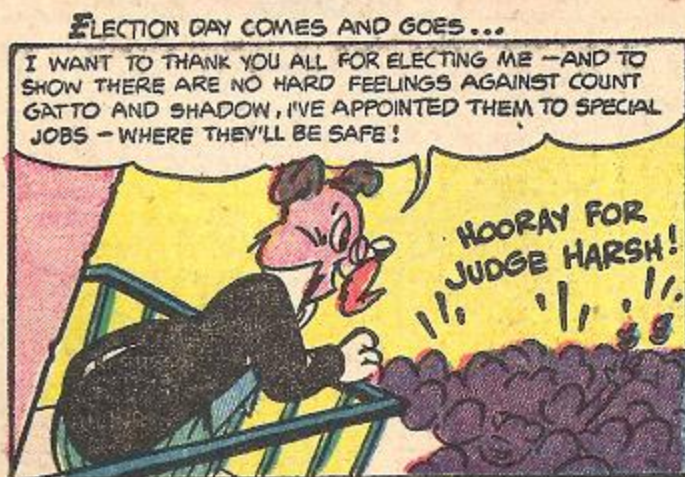
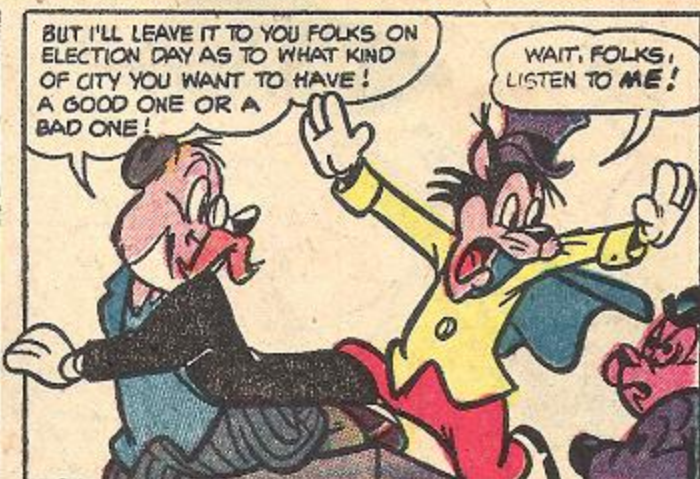
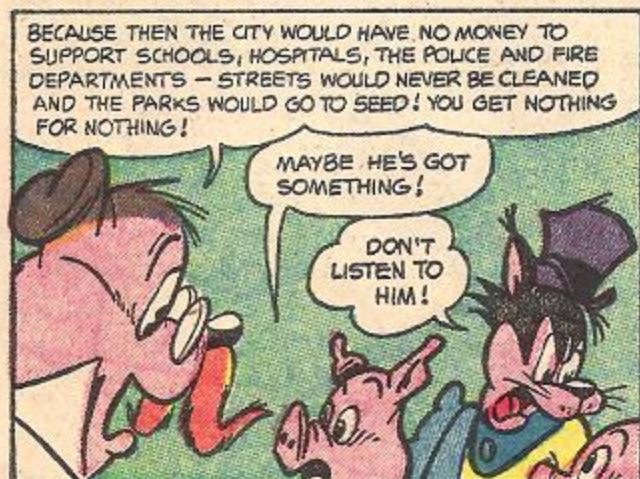
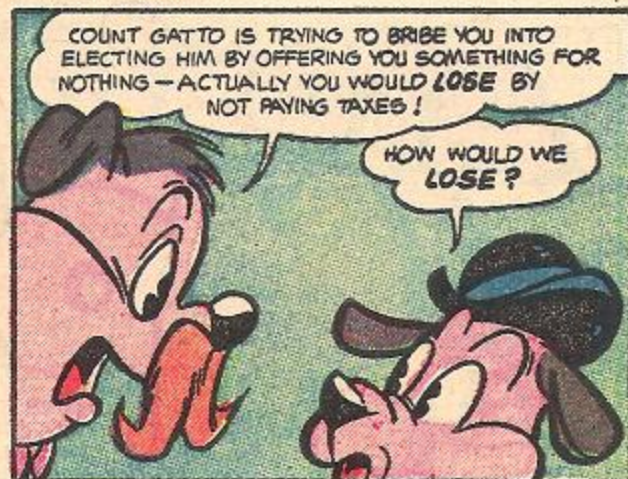
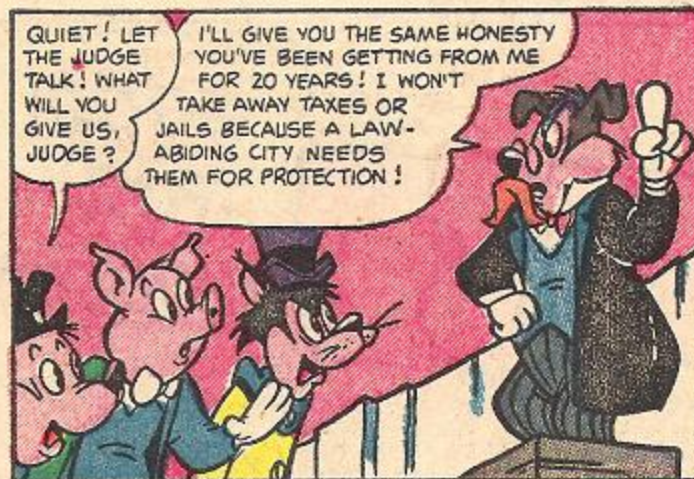
ATOMIC MOUSE

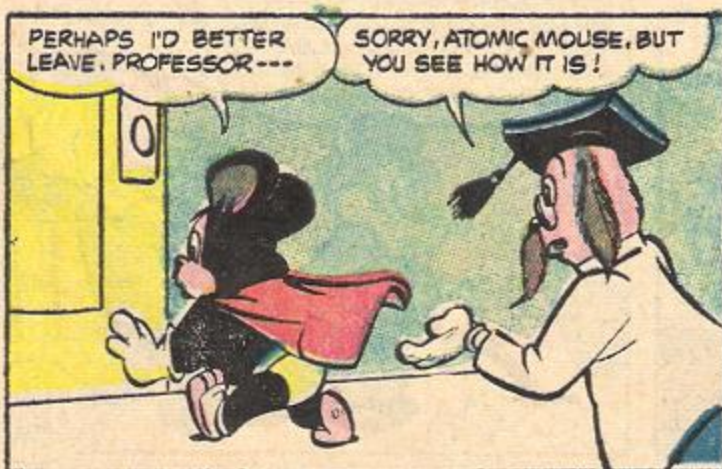
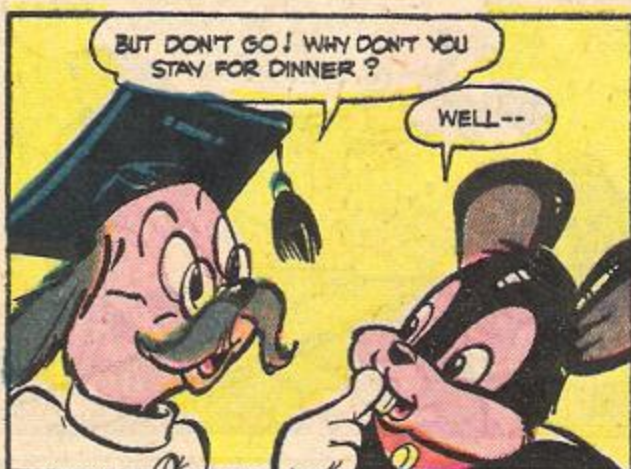
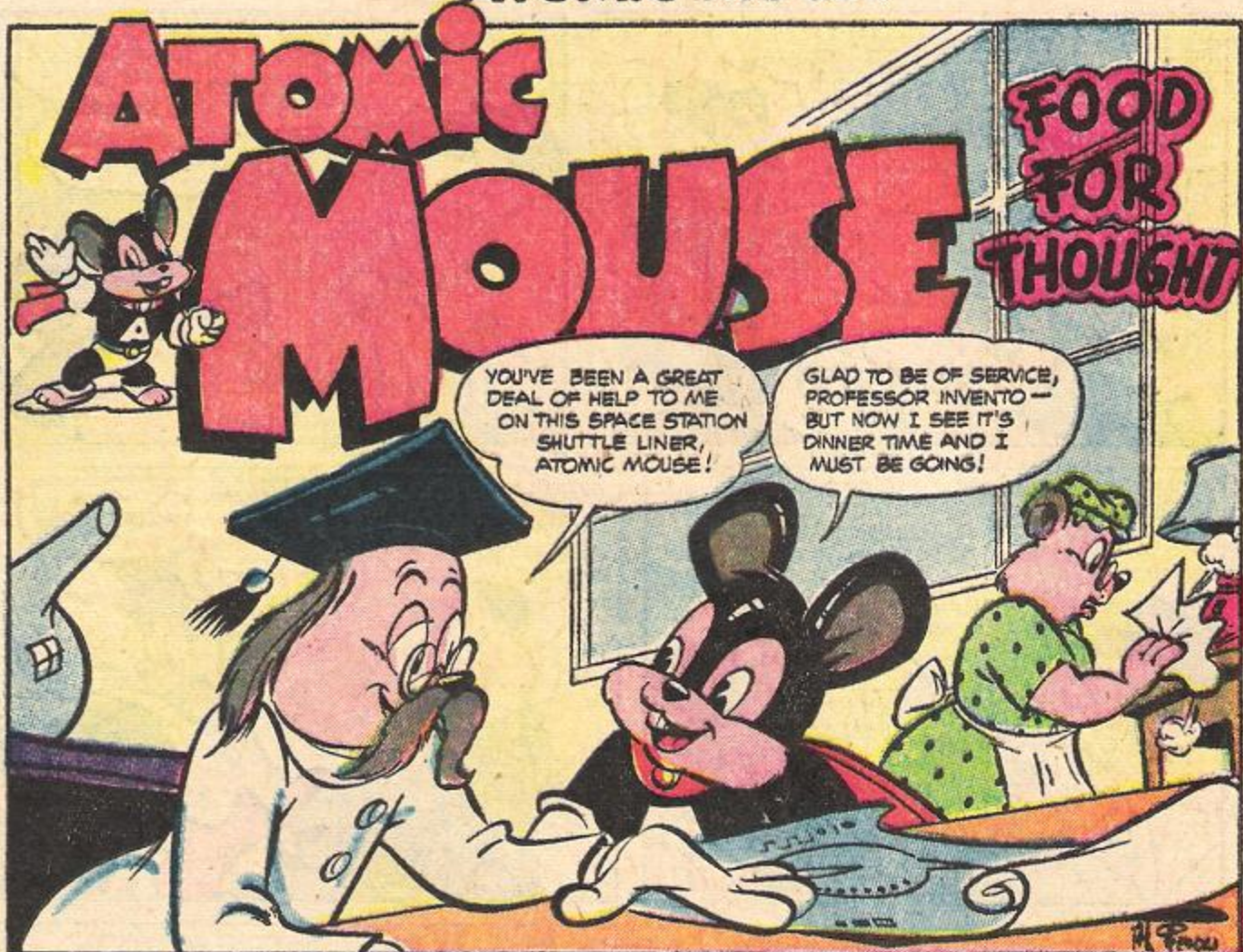


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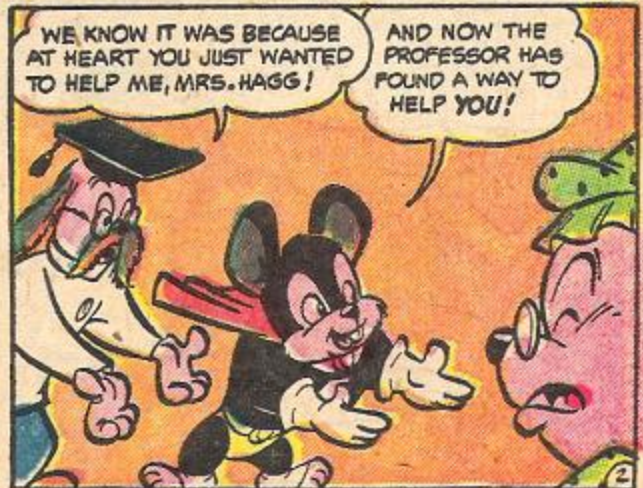
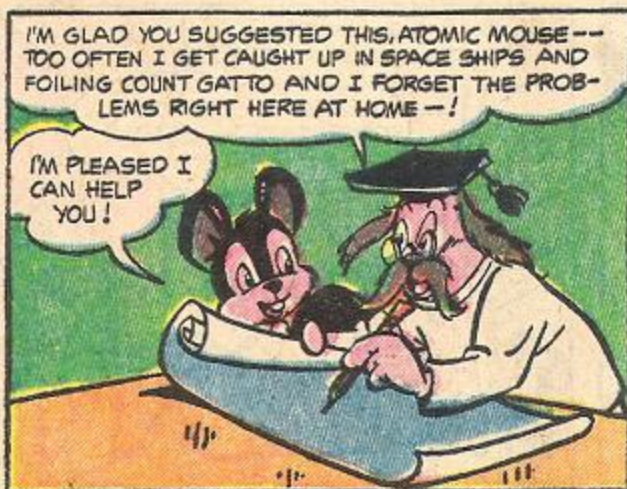


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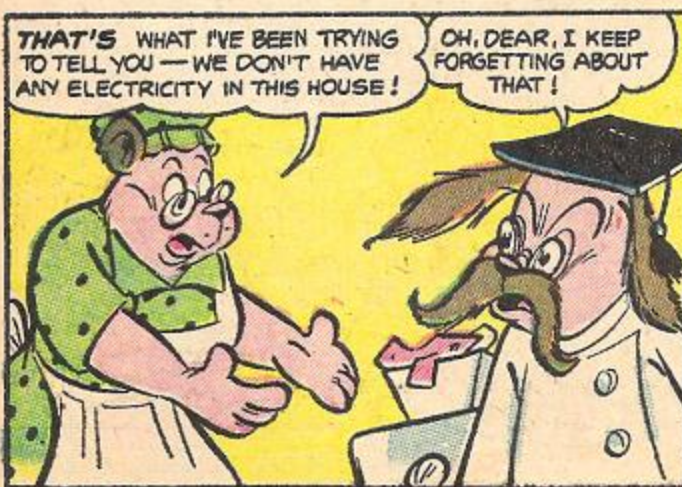
ATOMIC MOUSE



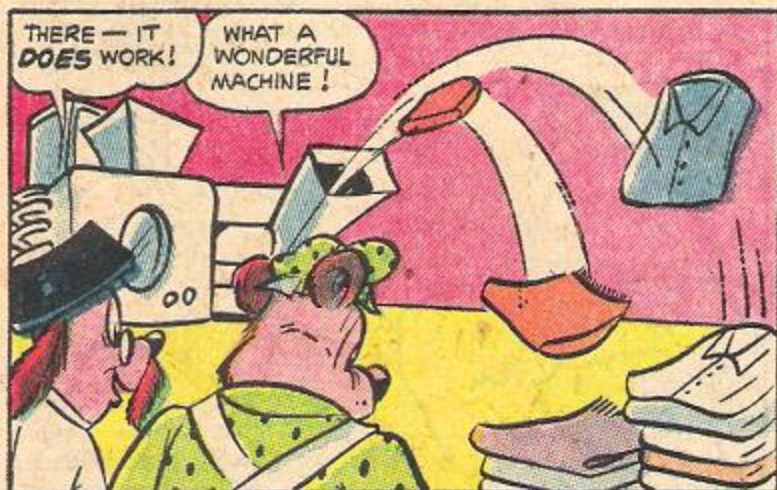
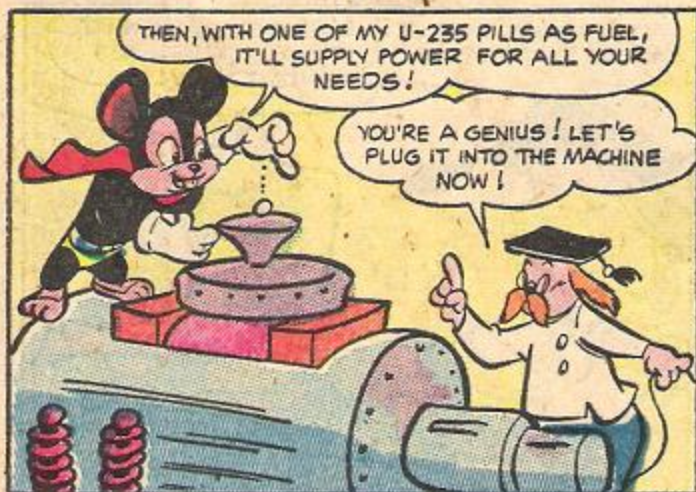
ATOMIC MOUSE



ATOMIC MOUSE



ATOMIC MOUSE

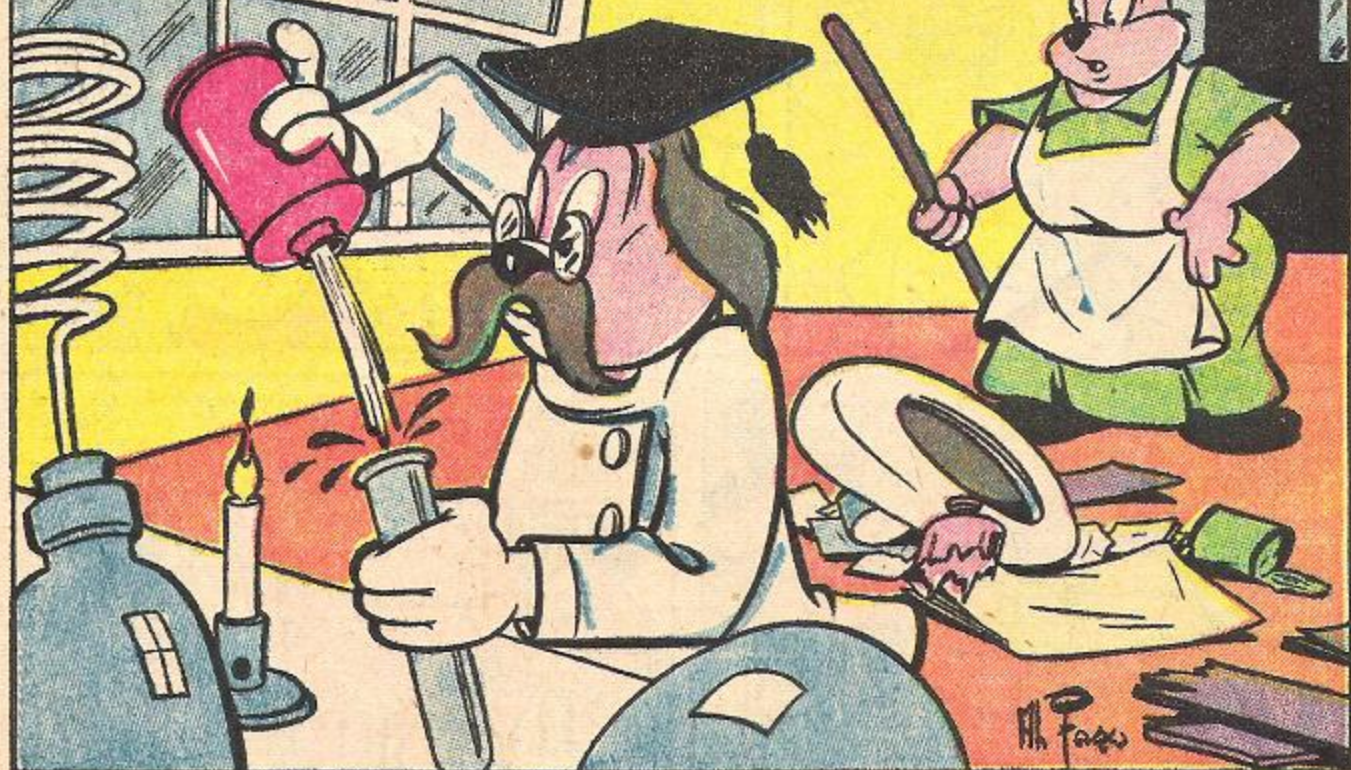


The End

PROFESSOR INVENTO

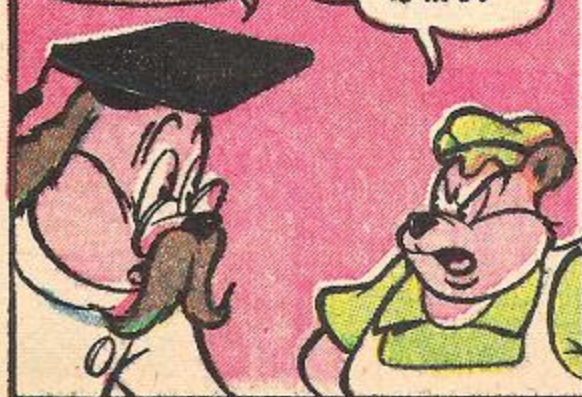
in
MENDING
THE ENDING!

I SWAN, PROFESSOR
INVENTO, YOU'RE THE LITTERINIST
MAN I KNOW! JUST LOOK AT
THIS MESS!



I'M SORRY, MRS. HAGG—
YOU HAVE A TOUGH TIME
HERE—BUT I'LL CLEAN
THAT UP MYSELF!

YOU WILL? HUH—
YOU'RE SO BUSY IT'LL
TAKE YOU THREE
DAYS TO GET AROUND
TO THAT!

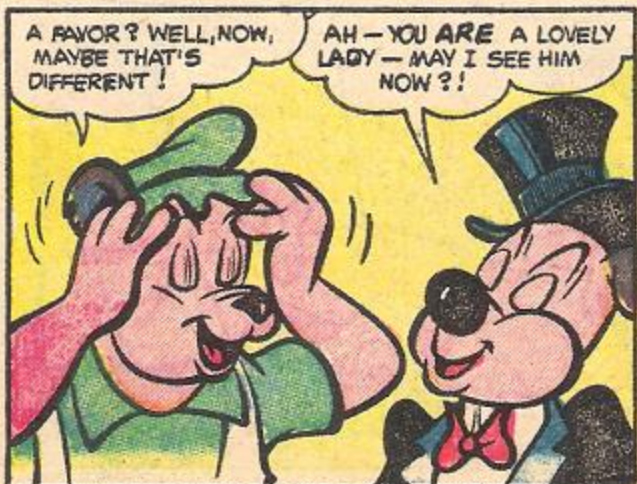
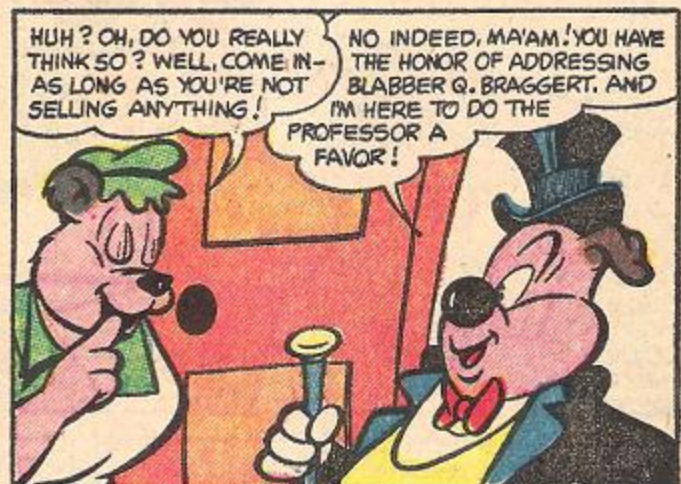
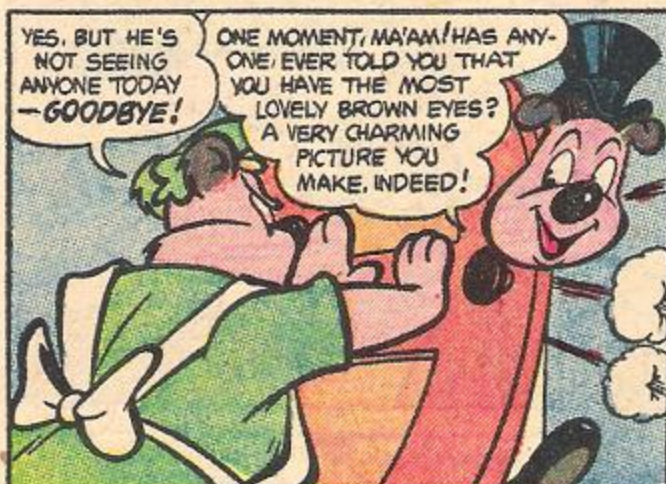
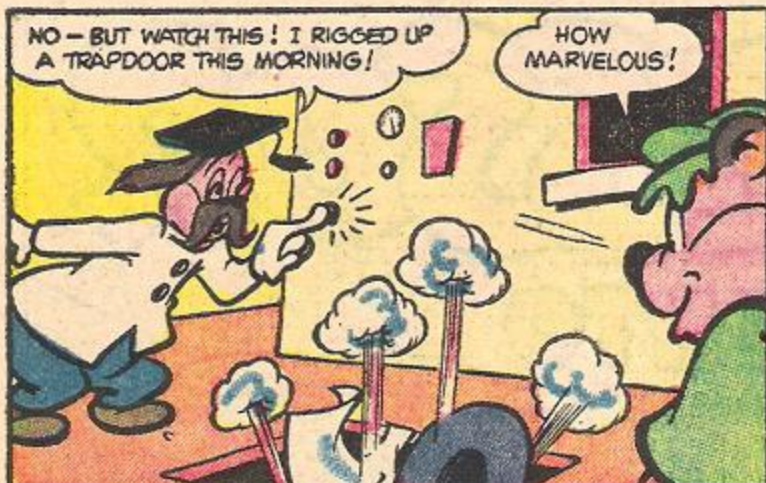


TO PROVE MY GOOD INTENTIONS,
I'LL DO IT NOW!

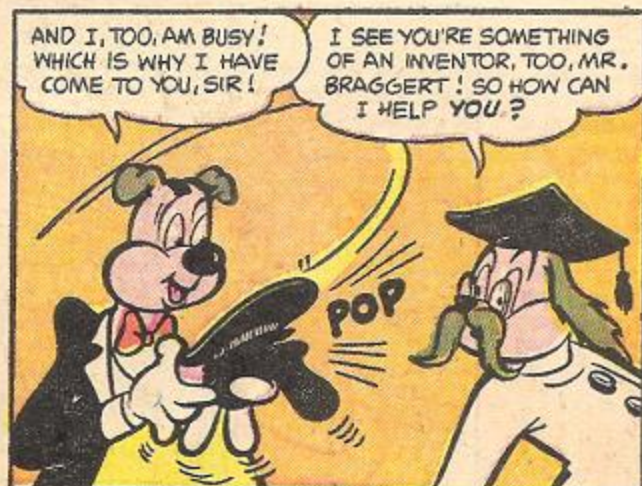
YOU CALL THAT
CLEANING!?



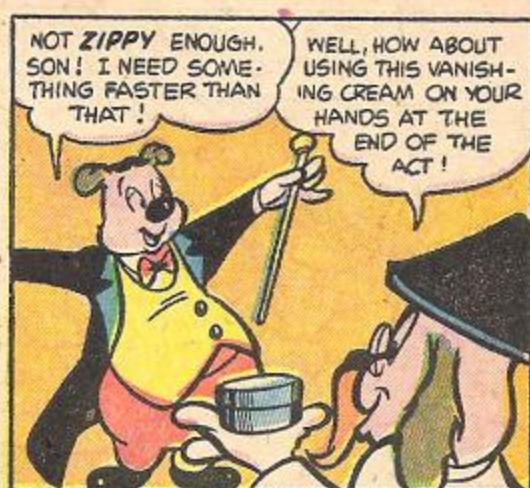
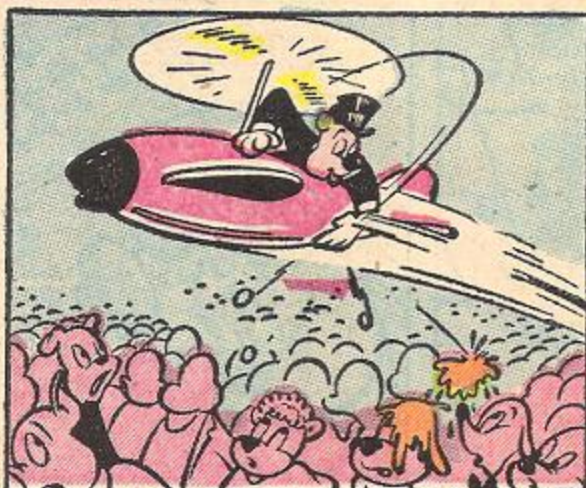
ATOMIC MOUSE



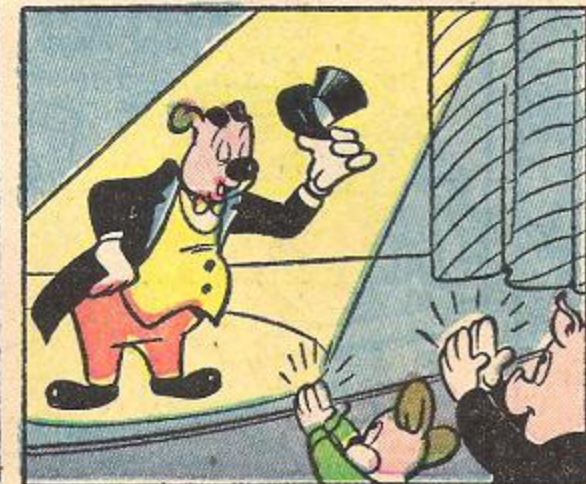
ATOMIC MOUSE



"I CAN SEE THE ONLY WAY I'LL GET RID OF YOU IS TO THINK OF SOMETHING! HOW ABOUT USING A SMALL HELICOPTER TO FLY OUT THE THEATER AT THE END OF THE ACT! YOU COULD DROP EGGS ON THE AUDIENCE IF THEY DIDN'T APPLAUD!"



"YOU CLAP YOUR HANDS, SAYING IT WILL HELP YOU DISAPPEAR—THEN YOU ASK THE AUDIENCE TO CLAP THEIR HANDS TO HELP YOU WITH THE ACT! WHEN THEY APPLAUD—YOU SIMPLY LEAVE THE STAGE!"



ATOMIC MOUSE

"YOU COULD ALWAYS MAKE SURE OF APPLAUSE BY WAVING A NUMBER OF AMERICAN FLAGS AND SINGING THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER AT THE END OF YOUR ACT!"



NAW — THAT AIN'T GOT ENOUGH **ZIP**, SON, NOT ENOUGH **ZIP**, I SAY! CAN YOU THINK OF SOMETHING ELSE?

YES — BUT IT WOULDN'T BE POLITE TO THROW YOU OUT OF HERE!



AW, THAT AIN'T NEIGHBORLY, SON — NOW HOW ABOUT COMIN' UP WITH ANOTHER IDEA — YOU WERE DOIN' FINE!

WELL—I'LL TRY!



"YOU COULD COME OUT AT THE END ON A JET-PROPELLED POGO STICK YELLING **BROOKLYN!** THAT WOULD GET APPLAUSE!"

BROOKLYN!



NOPE! AND I'M NOT LEAVING TILL I GET A **ZIP** ENDING! A **FAST** EXIT!

AND THAT'S JUST WHAT I'LL GIVE YOU — NOW!

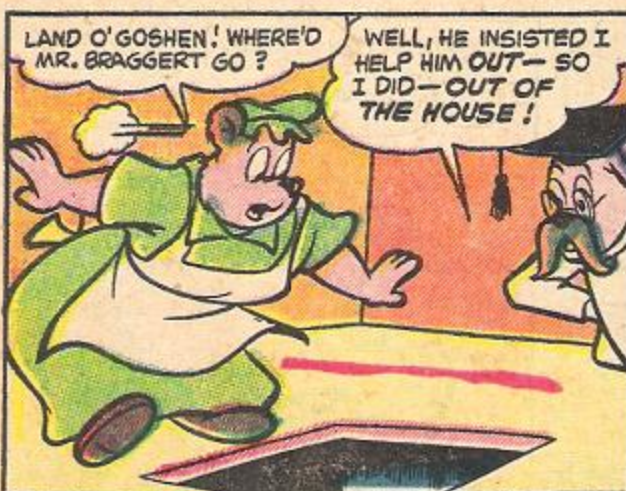


HALP! ZZZZIP!



LAND O' GOSHEN! WHERE'D MR. BRAGGERT GO?

WELL, HE INSISTED I HELP HIM OUT— SO I DID— OUT OF THE HOUSE!



I GAVE HIM A **ZIP** ENDING — AND A **REAL** **FAST** EXIT!



The End

NEW! 1954 "Space Commander"

VIBRO-MATIC WALKIE-TALKIES

2 PHONES
ONLY

\$1



2 WAY
SENDS! RECEIVES!
VOICE - SONGS - MUSIC



Thrills & Fun Galore!

If by some magical means you could talk with your neighbor and friends—without electric wires, without batteries or electric current, wouldn't you pay \$100 or more? Well you can do just that and the entire cost to you is only ONE DOLLAR for TWO "Space Commander" Walkie-Talkies. Not just a toy—but an amazing communication system. NOW you can talk back and forth from house to garden, between rooms, between your house and your friends'. How thrilling to "speak thru space"!

Works like Magic . . . Guaranteed!

This latest, newest 1954 model is a well made product of the world's largest manufacturer of Walkie-Talkies. Uses highly sensitive Vibromatic design. Each phone is self-contained and sends as well as receives messages, songs, music, etc. which travel over the conductor line for hundreds of feet, clear and distinct. Requires no license. Will not interfere with radio reception. Works equally well indoors or out.

Endless Fun . . . Educational!

This new 2-WAY WalkieTalkie System provides endless fun for the entire family, for boys and girls and adults too! Inspirational. Helps overcome shyness, aids voice training. Real "Space Planet" design in handsome colors. Hard to break. They're rugged!

5 Day Trial — Money Back Guarantee.

Send only one dollar, cash, check or money order and your Walkie-Talkies will be shipped on 5 day home trial—instantly! Easy to use directions—even a 5-year-old child can do it! Enjoy them with your family and friends for 5 whole days free of any obligation to keep them . . . entirely at our risk! If you're not thrilled and satisfied in every way your dollar comes right back! Supply limited! Rush order now! Don't lose this big bargain! Mail coupon TODAY!

CONSUMERS MART, Dept. 155-E-28
131 West 33rd Street, New York 1, N. Y.

Rush this MONEY-SAVING COUPON

CONSUMERS MART, Dept. 155-E-28
131 West 33rd Street, New York 1, N. Y.

RUSH a complete set of SPACE COMMANDER WALKIE-TALKIES on 5 DAY TRIAL, post-paid. I enclose only \$1.00 for the complete set of 2 phones and directions. If I am not thrilled and satisfied in every way, you owe to send back my dollar with no questions asked.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

TOWN _____

STATE _____

☐ CHECK here if you wish order sent C.O.D. You pay \$1.00 AND 35 cents postage on delivery.

SPECIAL!

\$1

2
PHONES
COMPLETE



1 This handsome stamp shows the United Nations Flag of blue, with a white design in center. Border of stamp is in red; includes five official UN languages.



2 "Peoples of the World" stamp, designed by famous artist Agnès, the border spells out "United Nations" in five official UN languages.



3 This "poster in miniature" shows the famous UN building in New York. Designed by the Mexican artist Leon Heiguera.

FREE PRIZED SET OF 4 OFFICIAL United Nations Stamps

These Unusual "First Issue" Stamps Sent to You FREE To Secure Names for Our Mailing List

MAIL coupon at once. We'll send you this fascinating set of 4 historic United Nations Stamps, all different. NO COST TO YOU.

These are the most talked-about stamps of our time. Engravers and artists from many countries helped to design them. They can be used in ONLY ONE post-office in the whole world—the official United Nations station in New York. Our supply is limited. So don't ask for more than one set.

FREE Advice on Stamp Collecting

In addition to the FREE United Nations Stamps, we'll also include other interesting offers for your approval — PLUS a FREE copy of our helpful, informative "How to Collect Stamps." Prepared for us by the famous Philatelic Institute of Cambridge, it describes the lure of stamp collecting, how and where to get stamps, the honor code of the stamp collector, adventuring with postage stamps, etc.

"How to Collect Stamps," also contains expert advice on watermark varieties and other apparent duplicates; how to enjoy and profit by duplicates; how to use stamp hinges. It is illustrated with how-to pictures, contains clear, step-by-step instructions that can be of great value to you in your stamp collecting.

MAIL COUPON NOW

Be among the first to have this valuable set of United Nations Stamps. Your friends will envy you for it and want to buy the set from you. It will become one of the most prized sets of any stamp collection. But you must hurry if you want to get these 4 United Nations Stamps FREE. This special offer may have to be withdrawn soon. Rush coupon NOW with 10¢ to help cover postage and handling. If coupon has already been clipped, send 10¢ DIRECT to: LITTLETON STAMP COMPANY, Dept CCG5, Littleton, New Hampshire

Also Free

More People Get Stamps from LITTLETON than from Any Other Concern in The World

Supply Limited Mail Coupon At Once!



4 "Peace, justice, security"—used on \$1 and 2c UN stamps—striking design printed in rich purple. Designed by J. P. Doeve, Netherlands.



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Send — AT NO COST — the prized set of 4 United Nations Stamps and the helpful, informative "How to Collect Stamps." I enclose 10¢ to help cover postage and handling.

Print Name _____

Print Address _____

City _____ State _____

ATOMIC MOUSE

WE MUST WARN
EVERYONE IN
MOUSEVILLE!

GOSH! THIS IS TERRIBLE! A
METEOR LARGE ENOUGH TO
DESTROY ALL MOUSEVILLE IS
COMING THIS WAY!

WE WON'T HAVE TIME! IT'S COMING
TOWARD US TOO FAST!

IT'S GETTING LARGER!
EVERYONE RUN FOR
YOUR LIVES!

PROFESSOR INVENTO SAID
IT'S LARGE ENOUGH TO
DESTROY US ALL!

GOLLY, IT'S SO LARGE
IT'S SHUTTING OUT
OUR LIGHT!

THIS IS
THE END!

WAIT! LOOK! IT'S
HEADING OUT TO SEA!

YOWIE! IT LOOKS LIKE
ATOMIC MOUSE IS UNDER IT!

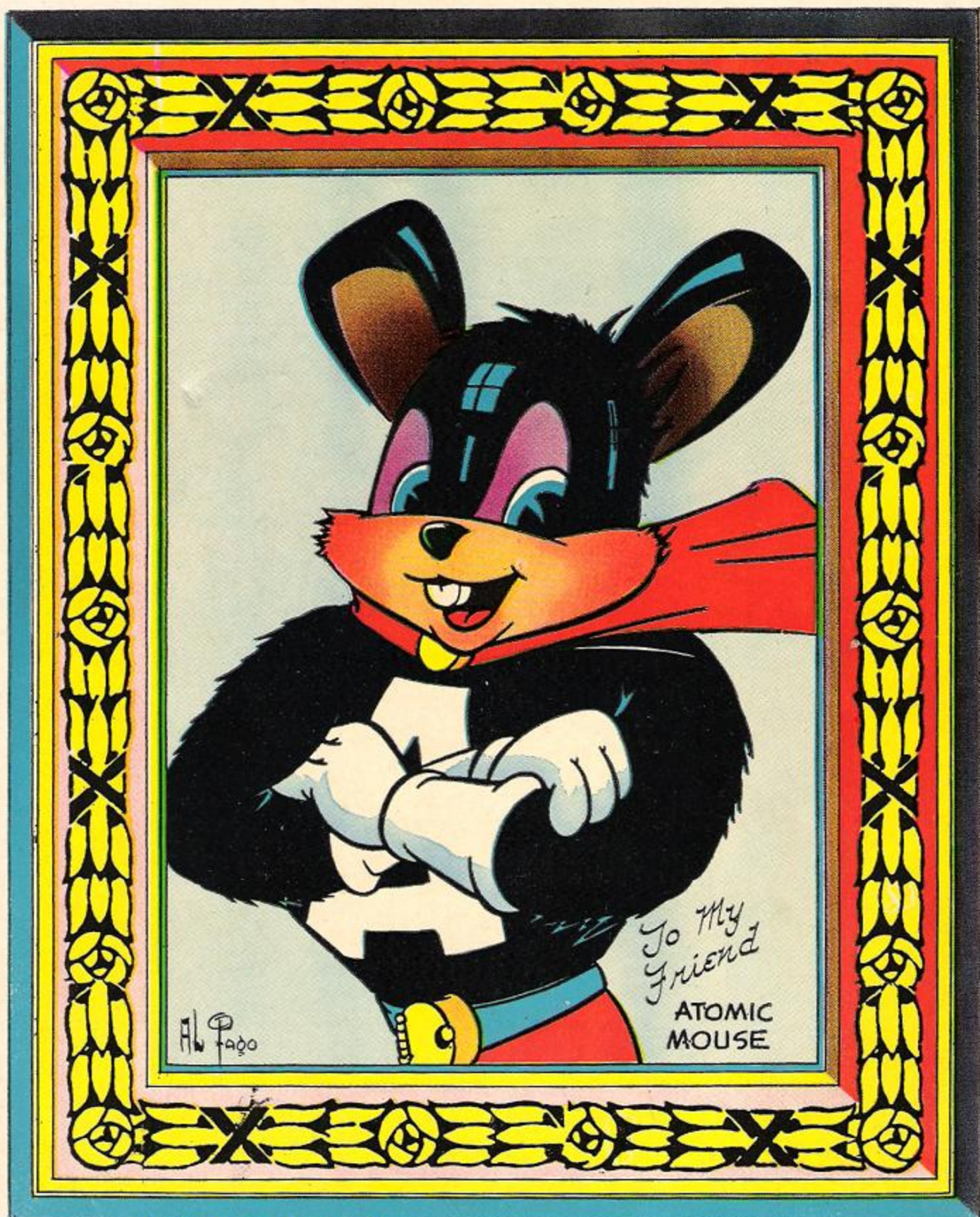
YIPPEE! ATOMIC MOUSE
HAS SAVED US AGAIN!

RAY!

HURRAH

AS MAYOR OF MOUSEVILLE LET ME PRESENT
YOU WITH ANOTHER MEDAL FOR
SAVING US!

WATCH FOR THE NEXT ISSUE OF
ATOMIC MOUSE AT YOUR
NEWSSTAND SOON.



PIN-UP
No. 9

HELLO, FOLKS! WE'VE HAD THOUSANDS OF REQUESTS FOR A LARGE PHOTO OF OUR HERO, ATOMIC MOUSE. HERE IT IS, READY TO BE PINNED UP IN YOUR FAVORITE SPOT. LET US KNOW WHOM YOU'D LIKE FOR YOUR NEXT PIN-UP.

